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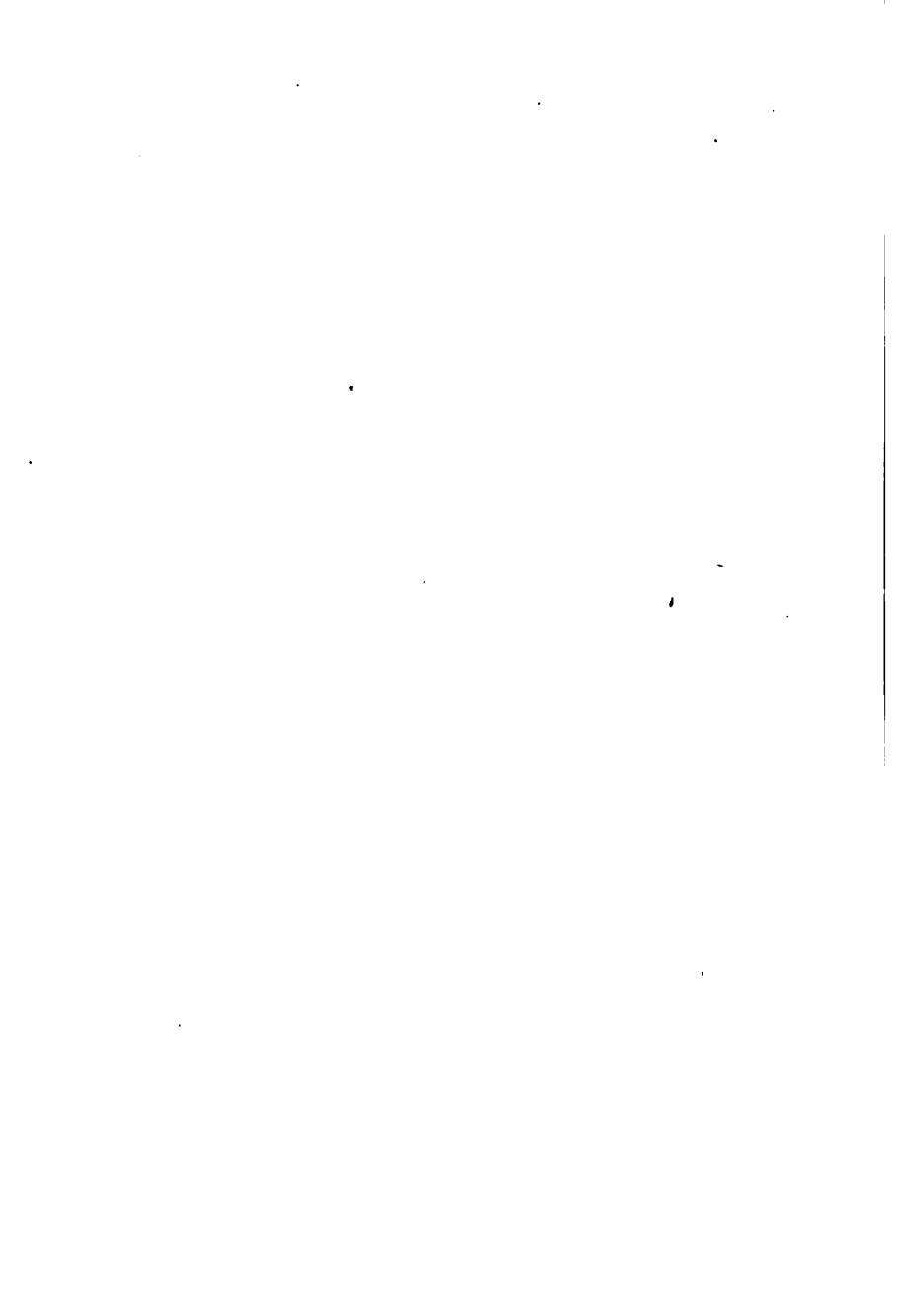
A SCOTTISH STORY OF
MARTYR TIMES

BY THE AUTHOR OF
LITTLE HAZEL &c.



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THE CROWN OF GLORY.





THE CROWN OF GLORY.





THE CROWN OF GLORY;

OR,

"FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH."

A Scottish Story of Martyr Times.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"LITTLE HAZEL, THE KING'S MESSENGER," ETC.

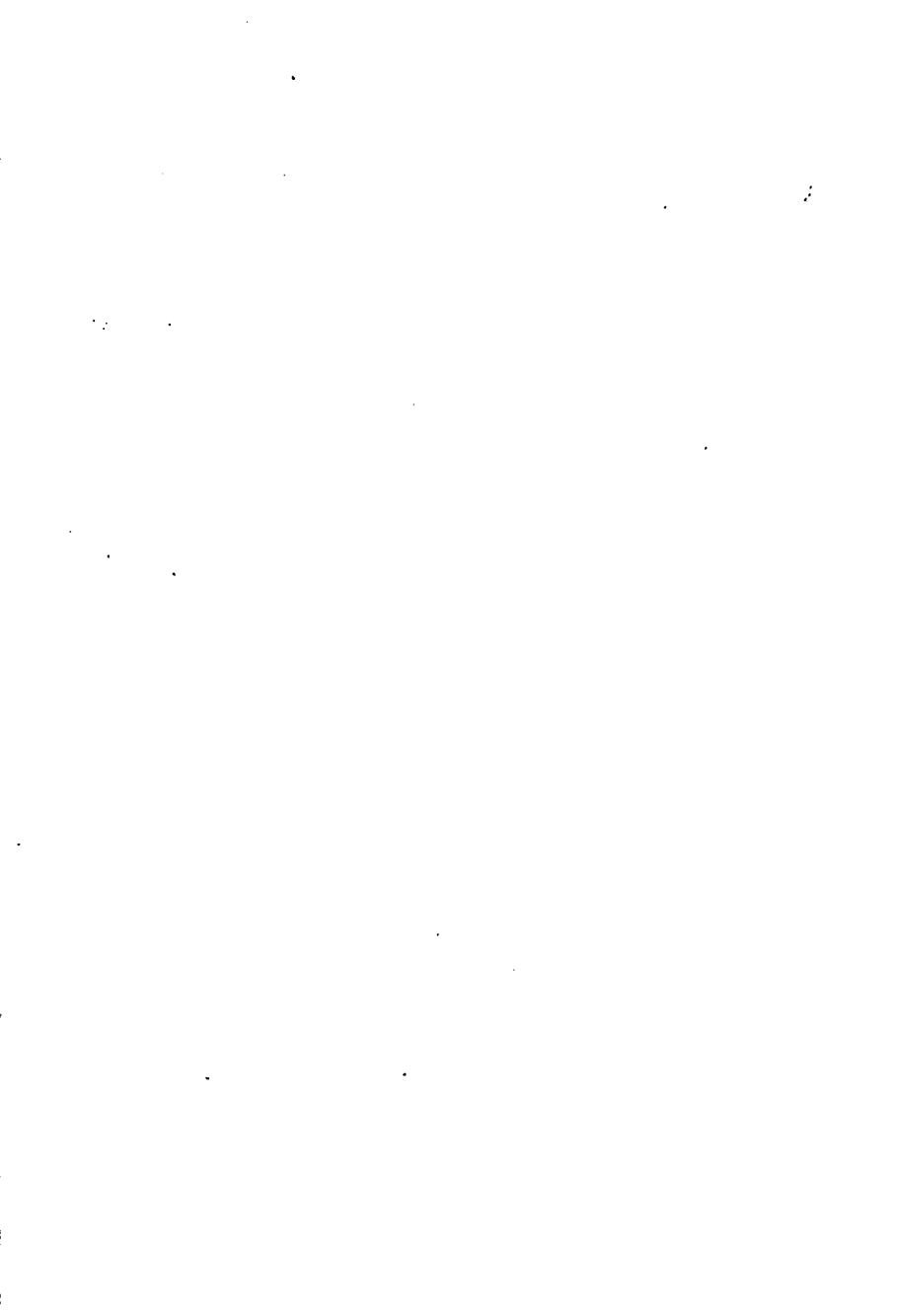
"Sent to preach the kingdom of God, and to heal the sick."
LUKE ix. 2.



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THE CROWN OF GLORY.

CHAPTER I.

THE LITTLE LIESE AND HER BROTHER.

“ He who his dearest gave to the Lord,
An hundredfold shall receive reward.

“ What thou demandest, Father, see,
We bring it, and leave the rest to thee.

“ Tremble not, doubt not, venture all,
Question not the Master's call.”—GEROK.

“ **F**ATHER, beloved father, speak the words, only. Give me thy blessing, and let me hear thee say, ‘Go in peace.’ The Lord hath called me to this work, and I dare not draw back.”

“ But, my son, have you counted the cost? The long journey, the far-off land, the difficulties, the dangers, it may even be the—” But the old man's tongue refused to utter the word, whatever it was, that trembled on his lips.

For one instant there was no reply, then the first speaker, a tall, handsome man of about thirty years of age, broke the silence.

"Yes, father, I have; but greater is He who will be with me, than all that can be against me; and well do we know that, through difficulties, dangers, and *death*—yes, even death at the stake—there is One who can make me more than conqueror. What the Lord did for John of Huss and Jerome of Prague, he can do even for such as I."

"When did this desire first arise in your heart, Paul?"

"Seven weeks ago, after the sad benighted state of the far-off Scottish land was spoken of at the meeting. Father, I am no enthusiast, no idle dreamer, but in my ears at that time a voice seemed to whisper the words, 'Whom shall I send, and who will go for me?' and there and then, in the very presence-chamber of our God, though a crowd was around me, I gave myself anew to the Lord, to do *all* his will, saying, 'Here am I; send me.' And now I wait only to hear thy loved voice bless me, and bid me go."

"And whither, my son?"

"Many things seem to indicate the sea-bound town of St. Andrews as the place of my residence.

The university so lately established there is attracting thither the youth of the realm ; and it is the young thinkers of the age we must seek to lead to drink of the Fountain of Life, where alone they can get the eyes of their understanding opened to *see* the darkness which envelops them. My work may only be the sowing of the seed ; but the breath of the Holy Spirit may bless the springing thereof."

"And your profession, my son—must you relinquish that ? Only to-day several instances of your medical skill were related to me ; and to be the means of alleviating in any measure human suffering, is surely no mean way of serving the Lord."

"Nay, my father, I think not of relinquishing *that* ; rather of using it as a means of gaining access to dying souls, and so be able to point them to the Lamb of God. Surely our Lord himself sanctioned the union of the two, when he said, 'Heal the sick, and preach the gospel.' My credentials from our far-famed university will in themselves prove sufficient introduction."

"And loving little Liese, how will she do without you, Paul,—you, her so fondly loved, only brother ?"

The young man's eyes suddenly moistened. "Sweet little Liese," he said, "how she will

grieve; but she will *bid* me go. The Lord is very real to her, sweet one, and the Elder Brother will be always with her. I fear not for *her*."

Then a silence, deep and prolonged, pervaded the room. The younger man stood still, engaged in fervent prayer; the elder paced up and down, as if the conflict in his soul were too strong to allow him to rest. Ay, his was a sore struggle: one word from him, and his son, his only son, would, ere many weeks were over, be parted from him for ever in this life: for in the time of which we write (about the year 1423) people ran not to and fro on the earth as they do now; and a journey from the land of Bohemia to the far-off land of Scotland involved almost certainly separation for life. And yet, could he withhold the word? Could he bid one stay who believed the Lord had called him to go?—could he? To his lips rose the words of the Lord to Abraham, "Take now thy son, thine only son, whom thou lovest, and offer him for a burnt-offering." And with these words rose thoughts of another offering, made for him, even the offering up of the only Son of God—"He spared not his Son."

Then the silence was broken; the father laid his hand on the young man's arm, and, in a voice almost choked with emotion, said,—

“Paul, Paul, go in peace ; and the God of love and peace go with thee. I do believe he has called thee ; and what am I, that I should fight against God ?”

And Paul’s words were few. Well did he know the greatness of the sacrifice his father had made,—a sacrifice as great as that of Abraham when he bound his only son, his loved Isaac, and was ready to offer him at the bidding of the Lord.

“Father,” he said, “let us pray.” And there kneeling down, they poured out their spirits before the throne, and rose comforted.

But that night, in the quiet of his own room, Paul Cramer asked himself whether he or his father were making the greatest sacrifice for the sake of perishing souls ; and he felt sure that in God’s sight the offering of him who sent was as precious as of him who went, and most certainly he who “tarried at home would divide the spoil.”

In vain the young doctor tried to sit down and think ; a tumult of feelings overpowered him, so throwing on his cloak and hat, he went out into the free air. He crossed some of the streets of the city, the grand old city of Prague. It was there he had been born and educated ; there for some years he had pursued his calling as a physician ; there his mother had died ; there his eyes

had been opened to the light of divine truth. But now he hardly thought of these things ; a sense of parting and pain was strangely mingled with an inward joy that the Lord had heard his prayer, and had removed all difficulties from his path ; a glad, sweet joy that there was One with him even now, who would never leave him nor forsake him. He strolled almost unconsciously down to the river, crossed the fine stone bridge erected shortly before, and stood

“ Beside the Moldau’s rushing stream.”

The moon was up, and its silver shield was thrown on the water, and touched with calm beauty the surrounding buildings ; there it was, that wonderful orb, speaking of the Hand which had placed it there. Yes, there was peace in the whole scene, —*peace*, and the perturbed spirit of the young man felt its influence. That river would flow on just as now, when he would be far, far away. His father would walk, as he so often did, by its side ; and Liese, little crippled Liese, would be drawn in her chair there, and think, it might be, on the far-off brother she loved so well. And if the face of another rose before his eyes, the thought it gave rise to was lost in the words, “ He that loveth any more than me, is not worthy of me ; ”

and slowly retracing his steps homewards, he once more entered his room. It was dark ; only the gentle moonbeams fell softly in, and Paul started as the figure of a child met his gaze.

“Liese !” he exclaimed, “you here, and at this hour ; what is the matter ?”

She sat on the floor, and Paul stooped to kiss her. She was trembling with agitation, but she threw herself into her brother’s arms, and only sobbed out the words,—“O Paul, Paul, must you go ?”

Then she knew it all !—and her brother felt that *that* very fact lightened his burden ; he had dreaded to tell the helpless, fragile, loving being that he was going to leave her. Very tenderly he lifted her, and seated himself with her in his arms.

“Yes, Liese,” he said ; “the Lord hath called me. It is hard to leave you all ; my heart clings close to you : but I have put my hand to the plough, and I *dare* not look back ; and, sweet one, I would not if I could. It may be the Lord may use me to cast some seeds of his precious gospel into the soil of that dark land whither I am bound ;—so many perishing in darkness, and ‘Jesus not come to them.’ You remember, little sister, how dark life was to you till Jesus came and whispered peace !”

The child raised her head ; her eyes were full of tears, but the moonbeams shone now on her face lighted with a heavenly calm.

“ Yes, I remember. O Paul, I would have you go : perhaps by some sick-beds in the Scottish town you may be able to speak of Jesus, and souls may look to him and be saved ; and *he* will be with you and me also. And if any child is sick, and fearing to die, tell them how little cripple Liese in Prague learned to love the Lord Jesus, and all her fears vanished, and the great black darkness turned to light. And, Paul, tell them of him, our noble Huss,—how even the flames could not make him deny the Lord who died for him. Yes, I can bid you go, brother,—though the days will be long, so long, without you. But oh, Paul, will they treat you well ? What if they don't care for you and your message, and speak evil of you ; or even—;” and the child's voice faltered.

Her brother drew her very close to his heart, and whispered,—

“ Well, Liese, if they do ? The disciple is not above his Master, nor the servant above his Lord. It is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master. And, Liese, have those who are bold in speaking the truth as it is in Jesus no reason to

fear persecution here? Is it so long since hundreds of our fellow-countrymen—ay, and women and maidens too—were cast headlong into the yawning pits of the old silver-mines, for no other sin save that of reading the Book of Life, and daring to obey Christ's dying command, 'Do this in remembrance of me,' by taking the cup of salvation? And whatever happens, Liese, you know the Elder Brother hath said, 'Lo, I am with you alway.' There can be nothing too hard to bear when he is with us, can there?"

A gentle "No" was her only response. In after-years, did the question and the answer ever recur to him? Perhaps so.

The days passed quickly on; all arrangements were completed; many farewells had been uttered; the prayers of hundreds of Christ's faithful witnesses in Bohemia had been offered up in behalf of the medical missionary ere he set out on his arduous undertaking. Bravely had little Liese kept up, repressing her own sorrow in order to comfort her father, and not increase her brother's pain at parting. Child though she looked, fourteen summers had passed over her head, and in mind she was already a woman. Hers was a brave spirit; she could have died, young though she was, for Christ's sake; but she

was not called so to do. She had to live for him, to act the true woman's part, the most noble female mission—to conquer self for the sake of others, to soothe when her own heart was nigh broken with sorrow, to send forth the loved brother on his Christ-like mission with words of lofty cheer and holy sweetness; and then turn back to her home, helpless and cripple, with all the sunshine of her young life suddenly died out, yet to be to her father the light, comfort, and strength of his home—strong in the love of Jesus, to do and bear all things; a noble type of good, heroic womanhood.

And what of Paul? The day of departure had come,—a glorious summer day, sunshine everywhere, rippling the cool waters of the river, playing like golden threads amongst the fresh green of the leafy trees, falling on the quaint old city with its high, pointed gables, seeming almost to mock the idea of pain and sorrow existing in its presence, paining by its very brightness a troubled heart, yet speaking loudly even at such a moment to the heart of Paul Crower of the Sun of Righteousness, whose beams alone can bring true sunshine and peace to weary souls. In the early morn, ere even Liese was awake, he arose, and dressing, slipped gently out, and going some distance from

the city, turned into a "God's acre." The sunbeams were there before him, falling softly—so softly—on the quiet graves. Their brightness seemed toned down; and as the young doctor knelt beside a grave, and, burying his face in his hands, prayed silently, the sunbeams formed like a crown of gold round his uncovered head, meet emblem of the crown of life promised to those who are faithful unto death. It was by his mother's grave that Paul Cramer knelt; he had come to take a last look at her quiet resting-place ere he went forth on his sacred mission. Well did he know she would have blessed him, and sent him forth to fight the Lord's battles, even as the Spartan mothers clasped the swords on their sons and bid them go forth and fight for their country, telling them either to conquer or fall. Only one thought, one fear, one doubt, crossed his mind. Was he right in leaving—the world would say *abandoning*—his father and young sister? It was Satan's secret suggestion, his last strong effort to keep back one whom the Lord was designing to use to let in light on a dark part of his domain. But at that grave the enemy was conquered. Once more he seemed to hear that mother's voice praying, as she so often had done, that the Lord would take her son, her

only son, and use him in his service as he willed. And with his Saviour's words on his lips—"He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me"—he rose more than conqueror. As he looked at the quiet resting-place, distinguished from some around it by the stone cup at its head, where reposed all that was mortal of his revered parent, did thoughts arise as to the place where his own dust would "rest in hope"? It may be there did; but if so, what then?

The last words were spoken, the last hymn sung, the final farewell blessing uttered, and the young Bohemian physician was off, safe under the protecting hand of the great Creator, King, and Father, who maketh a way in the sea and a path in the mighty waters; glad in the Lord, but sorrowing deeply in heart, knowing well that in this life he would see his loved ones *no more*—words of which it has been well said, they have a majestically mournful sound, like the roar of the wind amid the pine forest.





CHAPTER II.

DAVIE DUNMORE.

“Till now thy soul hath been
All glad and gay ;
Bid it awake, and look
At grief to-day.
But now the stream has reached
A dark, deep sea :
And sorrow, dim and crowned,
Is waiting thee.”

HE scene changes. Round the gray old Castle of Dunmore, in the kingdom of Fife, a thick mist had risen,—just such a mist or *haur* as rises at the present day, —from the German Ocean, near which the castle stood. Bleak enough it looked, that autumn day in the year 1425, its gray ivy-mantled towers looming through the vapoury mist. Close by its arched gateway stood a party of people gazing after some horsemen, who apparently had recently left the castle. There was a lady in the group, so young, so bright, so airified (if there be such a word), that she seemed strangely out of keeping with the solid

grim-looking castle, and even the clumsy-like men, some of whom were gazing eagerly after the horse-men, who were fast disappearing from view. The lady carried a baby-girl in her arms, holding her up high to catch a sight of the riders. "There, *ma petite*," she said in a foreign accent; "*voilà*, how fast they go! Is it not pretty?"

But as she spoke, a tall handsome boy of some thirteen years old, of singular beauty, ran up, dashing aside some of the serving-men who stood in his way.

"Mother," he said eagerly, almost passionately, in the broad old Scotch, which we will not attempt to imitate, "why was I not told that my father had gone?—Idiots," he said, turning to the men, "could you not have come and told me, instead of loitering about the court here, wasting time! Where is William? Bid him saddle Black Bob quickly, and I'll give chase, and overtake them yet."

"No, David," said the lady, putting her hand gently on his shoulder, "you must not. It was your father's wish you should remain; he feared the east wind and rain would bring back your cough. Indeed you must not, *mon fils*."

The boy stamped his foot impatiently. "What of a cough!" he said; "who minds? And the falcon—had my father the falcons with him?"

“ Yes ; he wished to try them, and—”

“ Took my one too,” broke in the boy ; “ what a shame ! Mother, I *must* go.”

“ Nay, David, nay,” she said, with a sweet smile. “ See, the little one—*n’est-elle pas jolie?*—is holding out her arms to you. Take her ; is she not better than twenty falcons ?”

The boy smiled, the imperious passionate look changing to one of almost womanly tenderness, as he took the child in his arms, saying, “ Come, Marie, come and see Rover.”

A strange boy was the young Laird of Dunmore, almost as strange a medley in his own spirit as the household in which he lived, composed as it was of members of French, English, and Scotch origin. Passionate and impulsive to a fault, refusing to be governed by force, after the rude fashion of the day ; yet with a heart full of tenderness and affection to those he loved, and submitting to their authority like a child. Spurning everything that was cruel and mean, yet ever ready with the sharp blow to any who oppressed those unable to fight for themselves ; thoughtful and studious. Such were the contradictory elements which made up the character of Master Davie Dunmore. Left motherless at the early age of four years, he and his sister Maude, some three years his senior, had

lived, till three years before the time we write of, with their father's mother in the town of Crail, during their father's absence in France, whither he had gone to uphold the falling fortunes of the French king, Charles VI. ; on his return from whence he brought with him a new mother to his children, in the person of as pretty a little French woman, of noble birth, as could be seen. It was a change indeed to bring that little, blithe, dancing creature, full of life and mirth, from the sunny south to the gray dismal Scottish castle by the rocky coast. Mist was enveloping it on the day she entered it as a bride ; and when the draw-bridge was up, and they entered the thick-walled abode, can we wonder if she felt she had left all brightness and life in her own fair country ? The unpolished manners and want of refinement observable in even the best Scotch households in those days, contrasted strangely with the luxuries and refinements of French life. The long oaken dining-tables, groaning under the weight of victuals of every description, served up in the most primitive manner, sometimes even without trenchers, whilst a table-cloth was an almost unknown rarity ; the rude jests of the serving-men, only separated from the laird and his family by the salt,—all jarred on the young bride, accustomed as she was

to manners courteous and refined. And yet even then the household of the Laird of Dunmore was better ordered than that of many other castles in those days ; for its former mistress, the mother of Maude and Davie, had been a lady of English birth, and had introduced some of the gentle customs into her Scottish home. The young French bride by degrees became accustomed to the gray castle ; and although she never failed, when asked how she liked it, to shrug her shoulders, and say, with an arch smile, “ Ah, it is *triste*, so *triste*, this country of yours !” still the love she bore her husband, and, ere long, the affection she conceived for his motherless children, made the grim castle dear to her also.

Over the impetuous Davie she exercised from the first a powerful influence. A word, a look of grief, from her, would stay him amid every outbreak of passion, and bring him to her side, saying, “ Ah, *petite mère*, look not so *triste* ! *Je suis fâché, bien fâché* !”—and the book, thrown most likely across the room, would be picked up, and his studies renewed. Truly had Sir Thomas Godwin, his priestly preceptor, good reason to bless the day that brought the Lady Louise to the Castle of Dunmore.

Nor did Maude—Mistress Maude, as she was

called—bear less love to her step-mother than did her brother. To the young girl (immured as she had been between the walls of the Castle of Dunmore, and the less stately but as stiff abode of her grandmother at Crail—seeing no society save that of a few neighbouring friends), the bright little creature that her father called wife seemed like some princess of romance, if not a being strayed from fairyland. Maude herself bade fair to have great personal charms. Graceful and tall in figure, with large, soft blue eyes and sunny brown hair, with an expression of intellect and sweetness combined, she was promising, in a different style, to rival her pretty French step-mother.

Of the laird himself there is not much to be said. He was a good type of a well-born Scotch gentleman of the time; more cultivated in mind than many, and with an unwonted degree of chivalry learned during the years spent in France; passionately fond of his children, a good husband, and a good son: such was the character borne by the elder Dunmore of that ilk. And, moreover, he bore the name of a religious man. His son's preceptor acted as chaplain in the household; the Ave-Marias were repeated, beads were told, fasts kept, the knee bent in form at least before the crucifix, and mass when possible attended. Many in the

household lived up to the light they possessed. Did it never strike them that *that* light was darkness? Likely not. That which could alone have shown them the darkness which surrounded them—even the Book of Life—was kept from them by those who feared, too truly, that the knowledge of its precious truths would open the eyes of the reader to the wicked vices of those who pretended to be teachers of religion, priests of Him who was holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners; whilst all the while they lived for the most part in open, flagrant sin, and imposed on the ignorant by their wicked devices—oppressors of the fatherless and the widow, corrupt trees bringing forth evil fruit, ravening wolves in sheep's clothing.

At the time we write of, Maude Dunmore had for more than a year been with her mother's friends in England, not far from the city of York, but was expected home in the course of a few months. During her absence a baby-sister had been born, and anxiety had begun to be felt about the health of the young master. A constant pain in his side, accompanied by a hacking cough, had set in: yet the boy was at times so bright and well, scorning the idea of a cough being of consequence, yet wondering why he could not run as of old, why

even riding brought on the pain in his side, and why at times, boy though he was, he felt so weary, as if life had all of a sudden grown a burden. On the very day we have written of, after chasing Rover with his baby-sister in his arms, he felt so weary that he went in-doors, and threw himself down exhausted; not on a luxurious couch—for such things were then unknown—but on the rush-strewn floor of the room where he pursued his studies. His cheeks burned, and he breathed with pain. He lay for some time; then rose and went to the narrow casement and looked out. The mist had thickened, hiding even the sea from view, though he could hear

“ The billows burst in ceaseless flow
Upon the precipice below.”

How gloomy it looked! The boy stood lost in thought. Just then his own life looked as gray as the mist around him. Could he be going to die? Never before had the thought entered his mind; but the evening previous he had overheard Sir Thomas say to his father, “ We must not forget that Master David’s mother died of decline.” Was this pain, that racking cough, signs, then, of decline? And if he died, what then? At the very thought the boy shuddered and crossed himself, muttering the words, “ Virgin Mother, save

me!—But oh, if I only knew! 'Tis all so dark, so uncertain—everything veiled; just as yon mist hides the sky—all dark!” Poor boy! The mist is all from below—light above is shining clear; and it is man, not God, who is keeping down the thick veil that hinders the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, the light of the glory of God in Christ Jesus, from shining in your heart.

The boy's pensive mood soon passed; for just then his father, with his horsemen and the falcons, rode into the castle court. In a moment he was outside, eagerly questioning how the falcons had done, and patting the strong horses as they stood panting. He stood with uncovered head, unheeding the rain, which had begun to fall. A hand was laid on his shoulder, and Sir Thomas Godwin spoke:—

“Master David, you were better in-doors on such an afternoon as this. See how heated you are! Come in!”

The boy chafed impatiently.

“What if I am? Do you suppose I'm a girl, to be afraid of cold and rain?—Father, mayn't I stay? Fine kind of a soldier I'll make, if I'm to be pent up in the castle every day the sun's not shining!”

The laird looked at the boy. His cheeks were

certainly flushed and his eyes sparkling ; but of illness the hardy soldier knew nothing, and he regarded both Sir Thomas and his wife's fears about Davie's health as visionary.

"Well, Sir Thomas," he said, "'tis a pity to shut up the boy for a little rain ; he seems so well and his colour so good.—There, Davie, mount and lead Le Roy to the stable." And in a moment the boy vaulted into the saddle, and rode off on the fiery steed.

Sir Thomas stepped forward.

"Indeed, my lord," he said anxiously, "you little wot what you are doing in letting Master Davie act thus. 'Tis not alone the setting aside of my authority I complain of, though, methinks, that were no wise action ; but, in truth, I fear much the young master's health is in a more serious state than you wot of."

"Is it really so, Sir Thomas ?" said the laird. "I see nought amiss with him. The boy grows fast. But I shall recall him.—Here, Lyndsay, tell Master Davie not to loiter in the stables, as Sir Thomas is awaiting him.—Ah, here comes a welcome guest—Miretown of Miretown !"

Just at that moment the blast of a horn was blown, the gateway was opened, and a handsome man of some twenty years of age rode in. His

greeting and manner were hearty, but courteous as well.

"How now, Dunmore!" he said; "returned already from the chase? And where is Davie? Left in the woods again, eh?"

"Not so far off," said the father, laughing, as the boy dashed round, feeling aggrieved at his sudden recall. But at the sight of the young horseman he paused, and going up to him, shook him heartily by the hand.

"Come in, William, and rest a bit," said the laird; and the young man, nothing loath, dismounted, and, giving the horse to one of his attendants, entered the castle with the laird and his son. In a chamber termed the keeping-room they found the Lady Louise. She greeted them cordially. Young Miretown was a favourite with her, being the acknowledged suitor for the hand of Mistress Maude, girl though she was. It was no secret, indeed, according to the fashion of those days. It had been settled long ago that a marriage would take place between the Master of Miretown and the Laird of Dunmore's eldest daughter. Little romance there was in the matter. Maude and he had regarded it as a settled affair ever since they could understand such things, and quietly took their fate. They liked one an-

other pretty well, and no doubt was felt that all would be right. So now young Miretown asked not over-anxiously, but kindly, concerning Maude's welfare, as of one who belonged to himself. Then suddenly breaking off in the midst of his inquiries, he said abruptly, "Davie, lad, what's the matter?" for the boy had staggered where he stood, and, pale as death, would have fallen to the ground, but for the strong arm thrown around him.

He rallied, saying, "Oh, it's nothing; only my side pains me so, and I can't breathe right. It will be off in a minute."

The Lady Louise rose, begging the boy to come with her to Sir Thomas, and see if he could prescribe for him. Somewhat unwillingly, he went; and his father, who for a moment had been alarmed, said,—

"'Tis nothing; only a passing spasm."

But William interrupted him. "Laird," he said, "that boy's worse than you're thinking. He ought to see some physician. It's nothing short of tempting Providence, to let that cough and pain go on as it has now done for months. Take my advice, and send to St. Andrews for the foreign physician, Paul Cramer. Every one lauds his skill, and he may yet be able to do something to save the lad."

The laird started to his feet. "Save the lad! young master. What do you mean? Think you, if I believed there was aught wrong with my son, my only son, the best advice that Scotland, ay, or France, could get, would I not have for him?" But he calmed down as he spoke. "I know you meant kindly; and maybe, as the boy does seem not so strong as he used to be, it may be well to let this Paul Cramer see him. If to-morrow be fine, Davie shall ride with me to St. Andrews, and we'll see what the foreigner can do for him. By the way, he is from Bohemia, is he not?"

"Yes; he came from there more than two years ago, and bears excellent credentials from the University of Prague."

"What induced him to come here?"

The young man shrugged his shoulders. "Who knows?" he said. "Perchance a love of change, or of adventure, or of seeing other lands than his own. But be it as it may, here he is settled down, much thought of, I hear, a man of learning, and one with whom the young men attending the university like to converse."

"Have you seen him?"

A strange glow suffused the young man's face as he answered, "I have, more than once; not as a physician, though," he said with a laugh.

"Well, 'tis settled then," said the laird. "I'll tell Louise my plan, and take Davie with me to-morrow."

Truly has it been said, "Man proposes, but God disposes." Hardly had the words passed the laird's lips, when the door opened and Sir Thomas Godwin entered hastily.

"My lord, the master is very ill. He has broken a blood-vessel. We must have medical aid at once."

No words were wasted. The laird was alarmed enough now.

"Get Lyndsay instantly," he said; "bid him saddle the freshest horse, ride to St. Andrews, and bring back the Bohemian physician, Paul Cramer."

William Miretown sprang up. "Let me go! I know where he lives; and, trust me, I'll lose no time on the road." And ere many minutes had elapsed, he was mounted and off.

Midnight saw Paul Cramer at the bedside of the young Laird of Dunmore. A cloud had indeed fallen on the whole household, for all loved the impulsive, affectionate lad; and it was known that he lay at the very gates of death. The waves of sorrow had risen high, and none knew of Him, save by name, who alone could say, "Peace, be still."



CHAPTER III.

“PEACE, BE STILL!”

“The help of man and angel joined,
Could never reach my case ;
Nor can I hope relief to find
But in thy boundless grace.
No voice but *thine* can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart ;
No love like *thine* can make me blessed,
And satisfy my heart.”



LOWLY the hours dragged on. Was it to be life or death? “Mother of God, let him only live,” said the father, “and golden offerings shall be given thee!” “Holy Virgin,” prayed the Lady Louise, “spare the boy, and my next daughter shall be thine—vowed to thee!” “Virgin Mary, hear our cries,” echoed the priest, “and by thy love to thine own Son, spare the lad!” The aid of the saints was earnestly invoked: Saint Andrew was specially implored. And all the while the foreign physician spake not: the remedies were tried, and he sat silently waiting the result. Once or twice he bent

his head, and a close observer might have seen his lips move. A large crucifix was placed at the foot of the bed, so that if consciousness returned the boy's eye might first rest on it. A grave, sad look passed over the physician's face as he saw it. Was he, then, an irreligious man, not even making an outward profession of respecting divine things—no uncommon event in those days? He could scarcely be that, thought Lady Louise; for in reply to the laird's eager question, put in a trembling voice, as to whether his son's life was in danger, he had said,—“The symptoms are very serious, my lord, but not hopelessly so; with the blessing of God, he may recover. He has youth on his side; we can but try the means, and leave him in the Lord's hands.” The words sounded strange; but that might be accounted for by his speaking in broken language, and his strange foreign accents.

Day was beginning to break—the gray morning light was already visible through the narrow windows of the castle—when the boy opened his eyes and looked up. His father, who had watched the whole night, had just left the room to rest awhile—going first to awake Sir Thomas, and send him to share the vigil with the physician, who since his arrival never ceased his close watch by

the sick-bed. The others had shared it with him; but now he was alone. The boy looked round alarmed.

"Where am I?" he said. "Mother! father!" His eyes caught sight, as it were simultaneously, of the large crucifix and the stranger. "What is it all?" he said, in a tone of terror. "Am I ill—dying? Oh, who is with me?"

In a moment Paul Cramer was stooping over him, soothing him in gentle tones.

"Yes, you've been ill," he said. "Your father has just left the room; he will be here immediately. Lie very still, poor boy, and fear nothing. The loving Lord Jesus has his arms around you, and will not leave you; fear not. I am a physician; you will know all about me soon. Be still for one minute, and I'll get your father."

He moved to the door; but the boy called him back.

"Don't leave me! don't leave me!" he implored; "I'm afraid!" Then, exhausted with the effort of speaking, he said in a whisper, "Oh, don't go and leave me alone with that dreadful crucifix!"—for the gray light had fallen on the face of the Christ, and imparted to it a ghastly hue.

Quietly the physician removed it from the boy's

sight ; then imposing strict silence, he once more bent over the bed, promising not to leave him alone for a moment, as he knew Sir Thomas would be coming soon. Lightly he laid his hand on the broad forehead, and whispered the words, " Lord Jesus, restore him, if it be thy will, and make him one of the redeemed ones ;"—then repeated the words, " Come unto me, and I will give you rest." Twice over he repeated them. The boy's eyes were closed, but the words so gently spoken were heard. Just then Sir Thomas entered. The physician rose.

" Thank God," he said, " he is conscious ; let his father know."

The boy had fallen asleep ; and when he woke, father, mother, and preceptor were watching him. But the stranger was away. Had it all been a dream ?

Days of anxiety and watching followed. But at last the young laird rallied, slowly struggling back to life. The physician spoke hopefully, though he did not conceal that the boy's health was in a precarious state ; perfect quiet and great care would be needed for a long time to come. The fact must be impressed on the boy himself.

" Tell him yourself," said the Lady Louise ; " he will bear it better from you." And so saying, she

slipped out of the room, leaving doctor and patient alone.

“Shall I be able to ride soon, Doctor Crawler?” said the boy. “Black Bob must be wearying to feel me on his back again ; and I do so hate lying here !”

Very gently was it broken to him, that perfect rest would be necessary for long, and riding not to be thought of. The Bohemian doctor was little prepared for the outburst of passion that followed.

“Lie here indeed ! That I shan’t. I must get up now—this moment. Get Sir Thomas ; desire him to come instantly. Not ride ! Why, what do you mean ? How am I to live ? As well be a wretched, useless cripple as that ! I’d sooner die than live like that.”

The doctor laid his hand kindly but firmly on the boy, saying very seriously : “Young master, if you really wish to kill yourself, you are taking the best way to do so by giving way to such passionate feelings. I grieve for you, poor boy. It is a sad trial for you ; but it is the will of God. You spoke of a wretched, useless cripple, Master Davie ; but cripples are not always wretched nor useless. I have a little sister, just about your own age—the sweetest, happiest girl possible ; and she has been a cripple since she was seven years old.

Sweet little Liese! How I wish you could see her!"

The young man's eyes filled with tears as he spoke of the loved sister in the far-off land. Davie saw them, and they stayed the angry words that were once more rising to his lips; and he said—"Doctor, I did not know you had a cripple sister when I spoke. Tell me of her. Do you love her? Does she suffer? How can she be content and happy?"

"She was not always so. Like you, she thought life, without being able to run about, was not worth having; like you, she said angry, bitter words about it. But a change came. A voice said in her heart, 'Peace, be still!' and the great big waves of trial calmed at that voice, even as the waves of the Sea of Galilee calmed when the same voice said, 'Peace, be still!' to them."

"Whose voice was it? Who spoke to her?" said the boy eagerly.

"Our loving Saviour, the Lord Jesus. Oh that you would ask him to say the words to you!"

"Do you mean the Virgin's Son?"

"The same."

"Oh, he would not care! Besides, we can only pray to him through the saints and the Virgin."

"Liese did not find it so. She cried to *him*,

and he heard and answered her. Shall I read you about the storm on the lake?"

"Yes, do."

Then the doctor drew forth a manuscript volume, and read slowly the words: "'When the even was come Jesus said unto his disciples, Let us pass over to the other side. And when they had sent away the multitude they took him even as he was into the ship. And there were also with him other little ships. And there arose a great storm of wind, and the waves beat into the ship, so that it was now full. And he was in the hinder part of the ship, asleep on a pillow; and they awake him, and say unto him, Master, carest thou not that we perish? And he arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still! And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm. And he said unto them, Why are ye so fearful? how is it that ye have no faith?'"

David had listened in breathless attention. "How could he?" said he, as the doctor stopped reading. "I like him. Did he say, 'Peace, be still!' to Liese like that?"

"Yes; at his voice the angry feelings fled away, and in loving him she found rest and peace. Will you try to love him also?"

"How can I?"

"Ask him to teach you."

"I'd like to hear more about him."

"Some day I will tell you how he died for you; but now I must go—other sick ones are waiting for me. Be patient, and keep quiet, and I doubt not you will be so far better soon."

As he put back the book into his breast, an illuminated drawing on the cover caught the boy's eye.

"May I see it?" he asked.

For a moment the doctor hesitated—was he counting the cost?—then showed it to him.

"Liese did it," he said. "Is it not beautiful?"

"Very," said the boy. "How clever she must be! I wish I could draw like that!"

The picture represented a beautiful cup and a small open manuscript-book.

"What does it mean?" asked the boy.

"Some day I may tell you, but not now. Can you draw?"

"A little," said the boy; "mostly horses and dogs."

"I have some of Liese's drawings; shall I bring them to show you some day?"

"Yes, do,—I'd like it; and tell me more about her, will you not? I, too, have a sister—Miss Maude—and I love her dearly."

In the court Dr. Cramer met the lady. "How did he bear it?" she said.

He shook his head. "Badly enough at first; but we must not wonder; 'tis hard to bear. He is quieter now; if only he is brought to see it is the will of God, it will be easier for him."

"The saints grant he may!" said Lady Louise. "We must pray the Virgin to help him."

She turned off, and the doctor mounted his horse and rode homewards. The sun was setting in beauty over the ocean, purpling the white-crested waves, and glittering on the many-coloured tints of the trees as they stood in their autumn foliage; but Paul Cramer's thoughts had wandered far over the seas to the home at Prague and the little sister there, cripple but *not* useless: even in this far-off land was not her patient faith and love speaking to souls? Would her Master and his speak words of peace to the heart of the young Laird of Dunmore in the gray castle? Why should he doubt it? Did he not also need the gentle rebuke, "O ye of little faith, wherefore do ye doubt"? As he mused thus, a black friar passed him, and answered his salutation by a scowl; for he owed the foreign doctor a heavy grudge for having hindered him from unlawfully extorting some money from a poor widow on false pretences. Yes, even already the

medical missionary was making enemies, by his open generous character, amongst men to whom generosity was unknown and truth hated. But the friar's scowl troubled not the doctor—if, indeed, he noticed it; for just then a poor man accosted him, begging him to look in and see his wife, who lay, he feared, dying. Already the good physician was becoming well-known in the houses of the poor, many of whom were beginning to hang on his words of holy counsel, which formed so great a contrast to that of the priests and friars, who came near them only to oppress and impoverish them. In that little cottage, simply and rudely constructed, the physician's Master had need of him. A heart true and loving was there, in which the good seed of the Word of God had been dropped years before, and lain latent, but was now beginning to spring up. The darkness was seen, the light desired; would it be found, and prevail? We shall see.

In the meantime, we will take a peep into the room where the young Laird of Dunmore lies watching the sunset. When the doctor left, the boy lay quite still, trying to take in the thought of living without the active sports the youth of that time so delighted in, and in his weak state the very idea

made him break into a passion of tears; but gradually he stilled. The beauty of the sun setting on the waters soothed him, and reminded him of the words the doctor had read, the "Peace, be still!" Calmly he recalled them, and wondered if he too, like little Liese of Prague, would ever hear a voice saying in his heart, "Peace, be still!" How could he obtain the boon, and get his sins pardoned, so that, if he died, he might not remain long in purgatory, but get to heaven at last? Would penance secure it? Poor boy, high-spirited as he was, he felt then as if he could have borne anything, to feel sure of pardon and peace. He would make an offering to the Virgin, he would repeat so many prayers; and more than all, he would implore the aid of his patron saint, Saint Andrew. So he lay and thought, striving, as so many have done, to work out salvation by good deeds, knowing nothing of the "blood of Jesus, which cleanseth from all sin." Yet, through all his fears, he seemed to hear the words uttered by Paul Cramer on the night he lay so ill, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." Oh, that was what he wanted—*rest*. He wondered who said that, and thought it must be the same who said, "Peace, be still!" All the evening he was quiet, playing a little with his baby-sister, speaking al-

most cheerfully to *la petite mère* and his father, only alluding to the doctor's visit by saying he had promised to bring some drawings to show him, done by his cripple sister. But when night came, he fell asleep, and dreamed of the Sea of Galilee and the stormy waves, mingled with flitting visions of little Liese and her drawings.





CHAPTER IV.

THE DYING MOTHER.

“ Sow ye beside all waters,
Where the dew of heaven may fall ;
Ye shall reap if ye be not weary,
For the Spirit breathes o'er all.

“ Will Jesus chide thy weakness,
Or call thy labour vain ?
The Word that for him thou bearest
Shall return to him again.”



LIVING his horse into the charge of the man who had accosted him, the doctor entered the hut, the door of which was so low that the tall Bohemian had to stoop as he passed in. On a low tressel-bed the poor woman lay, evidently dying. She looked up eagerly.

“Thank God, you have come,” she said, in broad Scottish accent. “I was sair afeard ’twas Friar John. Listen, for my time is short. I have heard you’re kind to us puir folk ; and Jenny Craw, the widow, telled me how you wudna let the friars tak

her last bawbee frae her. I want nae priest to confess til'; but gif you'd let me tell you, 't'll ease my mind.—Gae to your faither, bairns," she said, turning as she spoke to a boy of some twelve years old, and a gentle-looking girl a year or two younger ; "and tak Maggie and Watty wi' you."

They went, the girl casting a wistful look at her mother, as if she hardly liked to leave her even for a few minutes. Then the doctor spoke.

"Tell me what you please, poor woman," he said, "though I am no father-confessor, and have no belief in any man's absolution. There is One alone who can forgive sins ; One alone who can say, 'Thy sins are forgiven you ;' and that One is he who shed his blood for you and me."

The dying woman seized his hand eagerly.

"You know it then, sir. You know that there is none other name in heaven or earth whereby we can be saved, but the name of Jesus. You know, as *he* told us with his last breath, there is one Mediator, and one only, between God and men, the man Christ Jesus."

"Thank God, I do know it. But how came you by this knowledge ; and who is the 'he' of whom you speak ?"

"Listen," she said, raising herself slightly, and gathering up all her strength to speak. "'Tis years

ago sin' I kent the truth, and now I'm feared I've kent it and done it not. My faither and mither lived in the toon o' Perth, and afore we cam here, Watty Kyd, my gudeman, and me lived there as weel. When wee Jamie was born, our first bairn, I was like to dee, and the priest cam and anointed me wi' oil, and prayed to the saints and Virgin for me; but they gave me no comfort. I was feared to dee, and nae thocht of aught but hell; but I wasna to dee than. I got better, but I got no peace. I had been near death, and it was no priest's prayer could gie me help. Ane day I sat at our door wi' the bairn in my lap, and was so downhearted that I couldna help greetin. 'Is the baby ill?' said a voice. I started, and there was a gentleman standing beside me. He lookit so kind and gentle-like, I couldna be feared at him; and when he speered again what was wrang, I said 'twasna the bairn, only I wasna weel, and had got downhearted and weary. He smiled, and asked me gif I knew aught of Him who said, 'Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you *rest*.' I said no; I didna think there would ever be *rest* to me. Then he spoke. Oh, I canna tell you all he said; but he made all things seem new to me. He showed plain that no man on earth, be he priest or no,

could free us frae our sins ; that saints had no power to pray for us or help us ; that even the Virgin herself couldna pray for us ; and that God's own Word said we needed no Saviour save Jesus. Then, sir, he telled me—no all at once, for *he* came often—about our Lord Jesus, and *than* I thoct I loved him too ; but sin' we cam here I've been forgettin' him."

"Maybe," said the doctor ; "but is it not blessed to think he has never forgotten you ? If you confess your sin (to him, mind), 'he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.' But now you must not speak more ; you are exhausted. I will call again to-morrow."

But the woman seized his hand.

"To-morrow may be too late, sir," she said. "I must tell you all, and then you'll no wonder that I'll let no priest nor friar come near me, gif I can help it. What think you *they* did to the gentleman that was sae guid and holy, and loved our Lord ? They ca'ed him heretic, and they burned him—burned him for speaking of our Saviour and condemning sin ; and I stood and saw him, heard him speak words o' holy counsel even at the stake. and saw his face full o' glory and a'most o' joy. And there and then I vowed, poor woman though

I was, I'd hae nae mair ado with priests, friars, or confessors."

"Was the gentleman you speak of called Resby—John Resby?" asked the doctor.

"The same. Oh, but he was a godly man! And noo, sir, when I'm deid, I'm feared there'll be nane to tell my gudeman and the bairns the truth. 'Tis but ill I've done so, but I've tried some. I've telled them about Him who died on the cross for us. Oh, if I only could think you would sometimes mind them o' him, I'd be easier in my mind. I think little Jean has learned to love him."

The doctor promised to do what he could; and after comforting the poor mother with words of Scripture, love, and peace, and praying with her, he left her quieter, and looking off unto that Jesus whom having not seen she had learned to love. He could do little for the poor body save give medicine to alleviate pain; but the words of Jesus he spoke cheered for her the dark valley through which she had to pass.

She died that night, saying, "I will fear *none* evil, for *He* is with me. John, tell the doctor I am going to be with Jesus himself for ever. His blood has cleansed me from all sin."

After speaking a few words to the poor man, the doctor mounted his horse and rode quickly on.

In spirit he felt glad and cheered. The story of the poor woman in the lowly hut came to him as a message from his Master to go on fearlessly sowing his seed, broad-casting it on the waters, knowing that it might be found after many days ; —thinking of Resby, whose words still bore fruit on souls long after he had passed to glory ! Surely to be the means of leading one soul to know the Lord was no small honour, even though the cost of so doing was the being cast into the fiery furnace. “ Happy Resby ! ” he said to himself ; “ thou wert faithful unto death, and thine is the crown of life.”

As the doctor reached the city, the rays of the setting sun were gilding the high centre steeple of the cathedral and its numerous turrets, and striking on its copper-covered roofs, imparting to it a most brilliant appearance ; whilst the blue waters of the bay danced and sparkled beneath the golden shower poured down on it. Very beautiful and peaceful was the appearance of the city that night ; but the heart of Paul Cramer was sad when he thought of the spiritual darkness in which its inhabitants were enveloped—of the unrest which dwelt in hearts filled by anger, revenge, and every evil passion. True, the cathedral was a noble edifice outwardly, and inwardly adorned with everything that could

catch the eye and fascinate the senses ; but there was no true worship there—the Saviour he loved was not honoured there.

When the doctor entered his house, he found young Miretown awaiting him. The greeting was a hearty one, but the young laird had no time that evening to tarry. A long ride was before him ; and the highroad in those rough days was no safe place at midnight.

A few words were exchanged, Davie Dunmore's health asked about, and the news given that it had been announced that King James was coming to St. Andrews the following week to visit his old preceptor, Bishop Wardlaw, at the castle, and see how the university was prospering.

"There will be a holiday, of course," added the young man ; "and then" (glancing round, as he spoke, to make sure that no one was near) "Lyndsay and Home and Campbell and others will be free to join me without remark ; and we will come, as soon as it is dark, by the back road to your house, if you could spare an hour to read to us the Evangel. Ah, you don't know how eagerly we look forward to these readings, few and far between as they have yet been ! That story of the thief on the cross haunts me. Could you read the words once more, doctor ? for I would fain be

able to repeat them. I should already be on the road."

"Willingly," said the physician ; and taking the book from his breast, he read the words : "And he [the thief] said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom. And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, *To-day* shalt thou be with me in paradise."

The young man repeated the words "to-day."

"If so," he muttered, as if afraid to hear the sound of the words, "what becomes of the doctrine of purgatory? Where is it?"

"Ay, where?" said the doctor. "Only in the imagination of those who fill their purses by deluding people into believing in such a place. It exists not in God's revealed Word. Some day I shall read you a passage in which it is declared that to all who believe, 'absent from the body is present with the Lord.' Now farewell, young sir ; and the Lord go with you. Cease not to pray that he may send the Holy Spirit into your heart, to teach you of Jesus, and enlighten your darkness and that of this land. On the day of the king's visit, at dusk, I will hope to meet you and your friends."

The young laird was off, and the medical missionary was alone. Far from home and friends—

yet not alone. A Father, more loving than any earthly one, was with him ; a Brother, all powerful and full of compassion, was there too ; and a Counsellor and Teacher was with him, whom the world cannot receive because it sees him not.

For some minutes he sat lost in thought. His work was progressing ; opportunities not a few were opening up for the sowing of the seed. By the bedside of the sick and dying he was often enabled to whisper some of the Saviour's precious words of peace and love.

In the town dwelt, at that time, many foreign merchants, and amongst them Paul had already found friends. He had indeed put his hand to the plough, and he never for one moment looked back.

Yet he had many lonely moments, when memories of home and country pressed heavily on his heart. Now, as he sat in his little room in the twilight, his thoughts were far away in the dear old home in the quaint city of Prague. Once more he seemed to see his father, and to hear his voice blessing him and sending him forth to fight the Lord's battles. Once more the form of his gentle, loving sister rose before his eyes, and in imagination he heard her say again, "I can bid you go, brother, though the days will be long, long without you. But if you are called to see any

child who is sick and fearing to die, tell them how little cripple Liese, in Prague, learned to love the Lord Jesus, and all her fears vanished, and the great black darkness turned to light." Loving little Liese! how well he knew her prayers followed him, and the answer came down in blessing. Never had he realized this so fully as that day by the bedside of the young Master of Dunmore. It was the mention of the gentle cripple that had first quieted the boy in his passionate outbreak of despair; and it was by speaking of her that the physician had been able to tell of Him who had said, "Peace, be still!" Ah, did not she who tarried at home divide the spoil? So true is it "that more things are wrought by prayer than the world dreams of." Very strongly did the physician feel drawn to the impetuous boy; and oh, how he longed to see that proud yet affectionate heart bound by the chains of love to the Saviour of souls! And the longing was turned into fervent prayer that the Holy Spirit would bless the few words spoken to the suffering boy.

But his musing was brought to an end by a messenger coming with an urgent request that the doctor would go to the house of the Flemish merchant Van Weld, as his child was dangerously ill. So the medical missionary rose up, and went forth

to do his Master's work while it was day, knowing that the night cometh when no man can work. Did any secret presentiment tell him that his time for work was to be short—that ere many years had elapsed the Master's call to him would be, "Come up hither"? We know not. But we do know that he sought to live by the day, and, like his Master, to do the good works which his heavenly Father had before prepared for him to do.





CHAPTER V.

THE MERCHANT'S CHILD.

" They who know the Saviour's name
Are for all events prepared ;
What can changes do to them
Who have such a guide and guard !
Should they traverse earth around,
To the ladder still they come :
Every spot is holy ground ;
God is there—and he's their home."



THE moon was up when Paul Crawler left his lodging and took his way to the house of the Flemish merchant, which was situated near the bay, not far from the castle, where dwelt the bishop, Henry Wardlaw. The moonbeams were playing softly on the waters of the bay, and silvering the walls and arched gateway of the castle. The doctor's eye took in at a glance the beauty of the scene, as he paused for a moment ere entering the house whither he was bound. Strange stories were told even then of that "castle by the sea," answering as it did the threefold purposes of an episcopal palace, a state

prison, and a fortress. Tales not a few were current of a strange, mysterious dungeon at the north-west of the quadrangle, having in its centre a dark, dismal chasm, nearly twenty-seven feet deep, into which prisoners were cast : no sound from the outer world could reach them there,

“ But only the stormy wave,
As it beat against the rock,
Was heard within that gloomy cave
With a faint and distant shock.”

But the physician turned his thoughts to other things, and entered the house. The merchant greeted him kindly, and led him at once into the chamber where lay the only child and darling of his home, little Lysken. She was about nine years of age ; a lovely little creature she looked as she lay, her fair flaxen curls falling around her flushed face. She was tossing uneasily about, and talking in the delirium of fever. She was a motherless child ; and the lady who sat beside her was her father's sister, Vrow Van Weld. The case was one, the doctor saw, of fever. Care and watching would be needed, but there seemed no cause to apprehend danger. He sat down a few minutes to watch the child, and leave the necessary orders.

The merchant was unknown to him ; indeed, he,

with his child and sister, had only shortly before come to St. Andrews, intending to reside there for some time ; Van Weld himself being one of many merchants who had come to Scotland in hopes of seeing the king, and getting him to enter into some commercial treaty with their nation. Everything in the house betokened the inhabitants as being people of wealth. The fact that though of different nations, yet that both were foreigners in that strange land, seemed at once to form a bond of union between the Bohemian doctor and the Flemish merchant. They entered into conversation, speaking low in case of disturbing the child. Their conversation related chiefly to the anticipated visit of King James to the castle, it having been agreed that the merchant was to form one of a deputation of Flemings who were to wait on him concerning the treaty. The child's voice interrupted them ; she was speaking excitedly.

"No, Ursula," she said ; "go away ; I must not do it. Father says we are not to pray to the Virgin nor the saints. I want to pray to Jesus ; he said, 'Suffer the little children—'"

The rest of her speech was in the Flemish language. The father moved quickly forward. His sister bent over the child, glancing uneasily at the physician.

"She raves," she said.

Paul Cramer looked up, a gleam of joy lighting up his fine countenance.

"Would that in this dark land many more raved as she does! Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings the Lord perfects praise."

"Ha!" exclaimed the merchant, "you know the Evangel then? Being from the land of Huss and the city of Jerome, I might have expected it."

"Even so," said the doctor. "The bright light kindled by these fires has broken up the darkness of my beloved country, and into many parts the light of the glorious gospel of Christ Jesus hath shone. To his name be all the praise that it shines on my heart."

"And your errand hither?" asked the merchant.

"Whilst tending the body, to tell when possible the story of redeeming love to the sick and dying."

"Have you counted the cost?"

"I have."

"'Tis a fearful risk."

"I do nothing rashly."

"But think of Resby; 'twas this very Bishop Wardlaw who pronounced his doom. If he but suspects you of heresy, your days are numbered."

"He cannot hasten my death by one minute

before the time the Lord hath appointed. Our times are in his hands."

"But if you are apprehended and questioned, what then?"

"Knowing the truth, can you doubt it?"

The merchant's eye sank under that look.

"I do know the truth," he said. "But the flesh is weak; it may be the faith is small!"

Slowly the physician took his precious volume, and read aloud the words, with emphasis:—

"'When they deliver you up, take no thought how or what ye shall speak, for it shall be given you in that hour what ye shall speak. For it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you.' And again—'Whosoever shall confess me before men, him shall the Son of man also confess before the angels of God. But he that denieth me before men shall be denied before the angels of God.' And again—'Whosoever shall be ashamed of me in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed when he cometh in the glory of his Father with the holy angels.'"

The merchant and his sister listened eagerly. They were very imperfectly acquainted with the Scriptures, and the words were strange to them. Might they hear them again? they asked.

The physician assented gladly, only asking ere he commenced how the truth had reached them, and if it were well known in their country.

“Alas! no,” replied the merchant; “only here and there a glimmer of light shines. The little I myself know, and which I have tried to impart to little Lysken, I learned from my old grandfather; and he had first heard the truth in his youth from some preachers called the ‘poor men of Lyons.’”

His sister here interrupted them, saying she thought the little Lysken had more of the truth in her heart than either of them; adding, she often feared she might bring them into trouble by her determination not to pray to the Virgin, or bend her knee before a crucifix: dear little Lysken, she was sure, child though she was, would not be ashamed to confess the Lord Jesus.

Then the physician read some more words of counsel from the Holy Book, and, ere parting, they all bent the knee and prayed in the name of Jesus to Him who seeth in secret. Then they said good-night, the physician promising to call the next day; and telling the merchant of the Scripture-readings he held from time to time with some of the students, he invited him to join them when possible,—an invitation which was joyfully accepted, as in his heart the rich man was longing

to know more of the Scriptures. For some time this desire had been increasing ; but little did he think that it would be fulfilled in that city, where the false religion seemed to reign with such sovereign power.

From that night Paul Cramer dated a friendship which increased daily, and helped to lighten some of the weary hours of his exile. Little Lysken soon recovered, and became devoted with all the strength of her ardent nature to the foreign doctor, enlivening many of his spare hours by her artless talk, and brightening his spirit when oppressed by the sad scenes around him with her simple child faith, which seemed to grow daily. Many a story of Liese and of his distant home did Paul Cramer relate to Lysken, as they sat on the winter evenings round the fire in the merchant's house. Outside, the wind moaned and the waves dashed noisily on the rocks below, sometimes even dashing up the streets near the bay ; but all within the merchant's house spoke of peace and comfort : for the light had arisen, and love to the risen Saviour had banished the fear of man, which bringeth a snare ; and throughout life, ay, and eternity as well, all the members of that household had reason to bless the night that the Bohemian doctor first entered their house, and, through little Lysken's words,

discovered that, though in much weakness and doubt, they knew the truth which maketh wise unto salvation. And Paul Cramer never ceased to give thanks unto God, for having raised up for him in the foreign land friends so kind and true, who proved faithful unto death.





CHAPTER VI.

THE KING'S VISIT.

"All hail the power of Jesus' name !
Let angels prostrate fall :
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of ail.

"Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all."

"**L**OUISE," said the Laird of Dunmore, entering the keeping-room where she sat, one morning shortly after the events we have written of, "the king's visit is announced. He comes to St. Andrews the day after to-morrow, to visit the bishop and see how the university prospers. There will be great rejoicing and merry-makings; you must make ready, *ma petite*, and let me introduce *la belle Française* to the king."

The lady, as she was ever termed, rose quickly. "Ah, *c'est charmant!*" she said. "I have so wished

to see our king ; and now he comes so near ! Ah, we must all go to St. Andrews, and Marie *aussi* ! only—” And then she stopped. “ Poor Davie ! *mon mari*, how he will fret ! Oh, I fear to tell him ! ”

A sad look passed over the father's face. “ Poor boy ! 'tis hard for him, noble fellow that he is—no lad in all the kingdom so fearless in the saddle, so able in the chase, fitted as few are for a soldier's life, and devoted to his king and country. And now, forced to lie like an imprisoned lion vainly dashing itself against the iron bars that confine it ! Poor boy ! ” And the laird strode up and down the room, as if by action to quiet his troubled spirit. “ Ah, here comes the Bohemian doctor ! Davie seems to have taken a wonderful fancy for him. We'll ask him to prepare the boy for his disappointment.”

“ And, *mon mari*, ” said the lady, “ should David fret, I must, I believe, stay with him and amuse him. Who knows but some other time I shall see the king ! ”

The laird threw his arm round the bright, little, girlish-looking creature, saying, “ Nay, my Louise, we must not take advantage of your unselfishness ; Davie must learn the lesson of submission, hard though it be. And my little wife has nursed him

too closely as it is. We must have Maude home soon to aid you. Meanwhile, we must pay our *devoirs* to the king *ensemble*."

Just then the doctor entered. He undertook to tell the young master of the king's visit; though, knowing the boy's impetuous, unrestrained temper, he feared the outbreak of passion he would witness. But his news was anticipated. As the laird and he entered the boy's sick-room, they heard him speaking loudly.

"Sir Thomas," he was saying, "I must go—promise me I shall. I am to serve the king in a few years; and see him I must, and *shall*! See, I am quite strong now—quite. I shall go out to-morrow, and then the next day I shall go to St. Andrews. Where is my father? Get him, Sir Thomas. I know that he'll let me go. I must see the king, and ask him to let me serve him as a soldier."

"A soldier!" said a voice with a foreign accent. "Why, my young master, you'll never be that, until you have learned a soldier's first lesson—*obedience*. What kind of a soldier would you think the man to be, who, when his captain bade him wait in one spot, would insist on rushing into the midst of the battle, where he was *not* required?"

The boy started when he recognized the foreigner ; and his father came forward, saying in a cheerful tone, "Come, Davie, you must be still now, and we will find some way of letting our noble king know what a brave soldier he will have in you by-and-by ; and, depend on it, he will be glad to hear you are engaged in learning, as the doctor truly says, a soldier's first lesson—obedience."

The boy was quieted, but his eyes filled with tears. "But, father," he said, "I wanted so much to see the king. I have dreamed of it for nearly a year,—since first we heard he might come. And now—oh, I can't bear it !"

At a sign from the doctor, the laird made no reply, and, accompanied by Sir Thomas, quitted the room. Left alone with the physician, the boy's fresh outburst of passion passed. Something in the compassionate yet grave look of that eye soothed him. He spoke a few words, as if to excuse himself. "'Tis very hard—such a king too ! You can hardly know all he has done for our country. There was nothing but plunder and cruelty throughout the land till he came. Oh, we may well love him ! And every one will crowd to see him and welcome him ; and well they may ! But why do you look so sad, doctor ?"

"If I look sad," replied the physician, "it is be-

cause your words remind me of a King greater far than your King James, who did far more for the welfare of a rebellious land than any king ever did ; who left a land of glory and joy to come to save the inhabitants of that rebellious country from the destruction to which they were hastening. He was their rightful King. He came to his own, and his own received him not. No crowd welcomed him, though some listened gladly to his words and counsel. But these were the few ; the rest scoffed and mocked him, and put him to death."

"Killed their King!" said the boy. "How could they? Tell me more."

"Shall I read you about it, young master?"

"Yes, do."

And once more the doctor drew his precious volume from his breast, and read the following words: "'They took him and stripped him, and put on him a scarlet robe. And when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it upon his head, and a reed in his right hand: and they bowed the knee before him, and mocked him, saying, Hail, King of the Jews! And they spit upon him, and took the reed, and smote him on the head.'"

"Stop!" said the boy passionately. "Was there no one brave enough to strike to the ground

those who thus treated their King? Oh, if I only had been there!"

"Hush," said the doctor; "hear the end: 'And after they had mocked him, they took the robe off from him, and put his own raiment on him, and led him away to crucify him. And when they were come unto a place called Golgotha, that is to say, a place of a skull, they gave him vinegar to drink mingled with gall: and when he had tasted, he would not drink. And they crucified him.'"

"Crucified their King!" broke in the boy afresh. "Why, what had he done? I thought you said he had come to save their country?"

"Yes, Master Davie; he came to do even more than that. He came to save their souls, and ours as well. He was the Lord Jesus."

"Oh," said the boy, "how stupid I was not to know it was the Virgin's Son you spoke of! Of course he hangs on the crucifix; but I never knew, never thought of him in that way. Was it the same who said the 'Peace, be still!' on the lake, and to Liese also?"

"The same."

"But why, if he were the Son of God, as you say, why did he not cause the people who crucified him to be put to death, and set himself free?"

"Ay, why?" said the doctor. "Some of the

people who saw him hanging on the cross asked the same question. He could have done so with a word ; but if he had done so, no soul would have been saved. He came to die instead of and for *all* who believe on him and love him. He bore our sins in his own body on the tree, and died praying for his murderers, saying, ‘ Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do ! ’ ”

“ Did he ? ” said the boy. “ How noble, how good he must have been ! What a King ! How I wish I could serve him ! ”

“ And you can. He is King still, Master David—rightful King of the world. Will you give him your heart, be his soldier, and fight his battles here ? Oh, there are few who love and serve him ! Will you try ? ”

“ Oh, I do love him ! ” said the boy eagerly. “ Tell me how I can serve him. ”

“ Begin by praying to be made like him. Master, he was meek and gentle in spirit, and he would have all his soldiers like-minded. The angry word, the hasty passion, ask him to control, and he will do it.—I must go now. Don’t think I have forgotten my promise to show you little Liese’s drawings ; but I could not bring them to-day. I grieve you cannot see your noble king ; but, young, master, try to think of that other King

of whom I have been telling you (and who from his throne in heaven is bending an eye of love on you to-day, and saying, 'Come to me,'—'Look to me and be saved'), till you are constrained to love him who has died for you."

"But the Virgin, doctor, the saints—is it not to them I must pray?"

A grave look came over the doctor's face at the question. What might not his answer draw on his head, if the boy repeated it? He was silent for a moment, then said solemnly: "Jesus said, 'Whatsoever ye ask the Father in *my* name, I will do it.' Do *that*, my boy; and fear not, your prayer will be answered."

An hour afterwards the Lady Louise stepped into Davie's room, half fearing to hear him express his disappointment.

"I am so sorry, so very sorry, about you not being able to see the king, Davie," she said, so tenderly that the boy's eyes filled with tears.

But, to her surprise, no angry words followed. He only drew down the white, gentle hand that she had laid on his forehead, and kissed it.

"Never mind, *petite mère*," he said; "you and my father shall tell me all about him. And I do believe my grandmother too, at Crail, will for once leave her beloved mansion, and set off to St.

Andrews to see our king. Ah, people will crowd to see him! Not to mock, and buffet, and kill him, like that other King," he said, in a dreamy tone, as if his thoughts were far off.

"What other king, Davie?" said his step-mother.

"The one, mother, who came to his own, and his own received him not—he was so good, so kind, so noble. I am going to try to be his soldier, as well as King James's, and fight his battles, if only I knew how. But then I must first be made like him—meek and gentle. I fear I'm not *that, petite mère*," he said, with a sad smile. "You are all so good to me; and I— Ah, well, I love you dearly, for all my naughtiness. Mother, do you know how they crucified our King Jesus?"

The Lady of Dunmore started.

"King Jesus!" she said. "Was it of him you spoke, Davie? Are you going to turn monk or friar, my boy?"

"Nay, nay," he exclaimed eagerly; "I like not monks, friars, nor priests—save, perhaps, Sir Thomas. Do I not know how the friars here oppress the poor, and do all sorts of wicked things? Did not Bob Smith, the widow's son, tell how the preaching friars, as they call themselves, took the very cover off his mother's bed the moment she

was dead, because, as they said, 'twas their due? So her poor little girl had to sleep without one. No, mother mine; my father's son shall never seek to belong to those who plunder and thief. The King Jesus will have none such amongst his soldiers."

"Hush, Davie, hush!" said the lady, laying her hand on his lips, and looking round as if afraid any one had overheard the rash words.

It was with no small alarm, therefore, that on glancing towards the door she saw the manly form of young Miretown. The boy had spoken in loud, eager tones, and she knew he must have been heard. Much was she amazed, then, when the young man came forward, saying,—

"Shake hands, Davie. Ne'er were there truer words spoken than what you have just said. Plunderers and oppressors, let them be called by what name they like, are no servants or followers of the Lord Jesus."

"You know Him, then, William?" said the boy, with a smile. "Has he said, 'Peace, be still!' to you, then?"

A calm glow of joy passed over the young man's face. But he did not answer the question then: only turned to the Lady Louise, and questioned her as to the health of the laird and the babe;

then spoke of various arrangements he had made about meeting them on the day of the king's visit ; and, rising, said he would go in search of the laird in the stables, stopping only one moment to say, in a low tone, to the sick lad,—

“ I *have* heard the ‘ Peace, be still ! ’ God grant you may hear it soon, Davie.”

Lady Louise sat a while musing ; then rose to go to little Marie. The whole of Davie's conversation had puzzled her, and the few words spoken by young Miretown even more. What did it all mean ? Could this foreign doctor have put those strange ideas into Davie's head ? He seemed to have obtained some strange influence over him. How wonderfully well he had borne the disappointment about the king's visit ! Could he—this Paul Cramer—have any dealings in the black art ? Strange stories were told of doctors ; and at the very thought the *belle Française* crossed herself, and besought the Virgin to protect her husband's son. She even went the length of saying something of her fears to the laird himself. But he laughed good-humouredly, and bid her have no fear ; there was no need to be alarmed that Davie would turn too much of a saint, despite all the black art in the world.

But, for all that, there was a change taking

place in Davie Dunmore's heart greater than any black art could accomplish. The voice of Him who stilled the troubled waves on the Sea of Galilee, was whispering "Peace!" to the heart of the passion-tossed boy,—even as it had done to the heart of the little cripple child in Prague, and to many, many other weary, tempest-tossed ones.





CHAPTER VII.

THE SECRET MEETING.

“ They own a mark by which the Master claims them,
Though oft the sign seems dim ;
And well they know the Shepherd King who names them —
They hear and follow him.

“ Fierce howls the wolf, and adders creep around them :
But succour he will send ;
For He who in the wilderness first found them,
Will keep them to the end.”



REAT was the excitement which prevailed in St. Andrews and the neighbourhood, when it became known that the day for the king's visit was fixed. All was joy and rejoicing. The students were loud in demonstrations of loyalty, as it was well known that one of the king's chief reasons for visiting the city was the interest he took in the university—the only one then established in Scotland. The king himself was, as they well knew, a scholar, and somewhat of a poet. In the episcopal palace great were the preparations made for the entertainment

of the royal guest ; the bishop naturally feeling flattered by the kindly courtesy the king had ever shown to him who had acted as his preceptor.

Strange, indeed, must have been the king's feelings as he rode along the streets of the city which he had last seen as a boy. Various had been his fortunes since the day that he left it—a bright lad of some fourteen years—on his way to France ; taken prisoner ere he reached that country by the English king, and by him kept captive for years. Yet he learned many things in the English court which proved of service to him when he became King of Scotland ; and it was from England he had brought the fair bride who shared his throne. Lawless, indeed, was the state in which he found his kingdom ; and the restoration of even a small degree of order required a firm hand and a courageous spirit. No wonder, then, that it was with a feeling of pleasure and relief he had stolen a short time from heavier duties to visit the cathedral city on the rocky sea-bound coast. Many an eye followed him with delight as he rode down towards the castle, raising his plumed hat again and again in reply to the hearty greetings with which he was received.

Amongst the visitors who were invited to meet the king in the castle were the Laird of Dunmore

and his fair lady. Young Miretown was there likewise, and many of the neighbouring gentry. The Dowager Lady of Dunmore was there also : for no other reason than to see her king would she now have left her stately mansion at Crail. The king had thrown off all courtly restraint, and mingled freely with the invited guests ; accosting the Lady Louise in the purest French, and complimenting the brave soldier on the choice he had made. His courteous manner won all hearts, and the whole day was given up to rejoicing. The deputation of the Flemish merchants, of which Van Weld formed one, was well received.

Towards evening the streets were noisy with revellers, and the demonstrations became disorderly ; pistols were fired, and bonfires kindled. Unobserved in the midst of all, a band of young men, numbering ten, passed along the streets, and, separating, took one by one a back road, which led to the house where lodged the Bohemian doctor. Young Miretown was there, the most eager of the band. Campbell, Home, Lyndsay, Stewart, and others, scions most of them of old Scottish families, were amongst the number ; and the Flemish merchant was there also. Few words were wasted ; time was precious. They were inquiring after truth, seeking to put aside all preconceived ideas

of man's teachings, willing to refer all to God's revealed Word. Purgatory had formed the subject of their thoughts at last meeting ; it was gone over again in review at this. We do not mean to detail what passed, but will only give one or two of the Scripture declarations read aloud by Paul Cramer, in answer to many keen questions put by the students. His own words were few ; he sought to answer each with God's. " Absent from the body, present with the Lord ;" " I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and to be *with Christ*, which is far better." These and such like passages he read more than once ; they needed no commentary—to be " present with the Lord," to be " with Christ," was not to be in purgatory. But the medical missionary sought not only to show the darkness, but to lead to the light. It were small end gained to lead these precious souls to cast away the belief in purgatory, if he could not succeed in leading them to know the love of Jesus. Slowly and with emphasis he read the account of the death of the first martyr. He had been showing forth the dark error of the priests and teachers of religion in his days.

" And mark the result. He had told them they had known the truth, and had not kept it. And ' when they heard these things they were cut to

the heart, and they gnashed on him with their teeth. But he, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God; and said, Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God. Then they cried out with a loud voice, and stopped their ears, and ran upon him with one accord, and cast him out of the city, and stoned him. And the witnesses laid down their clothes at a young man's feet whose name was Saul. And they stoned Stephen, calling upon God, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.'"

Twice over he read these last words; then looked up. "'Receive my spirit.' To put it into purgatory? Nay; but to take it to himself, according to his promise given, that where he was, there should his people be also." Then he continued: "'And he kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And when he had said this, he fell asleep.' So died the first martyr--love to Jesus banishing all fear of death.—The first martyr!" said the physician. "Ay, but not the last."

Then he told of the end of some of the Bohemian martyrs: of the noble Huss, suffering at the stake on the 8th of July 1415; and Jerome of

Prague, on the 30th of May 1416. And he spoke not of these alone. He turned to the Flemish merchant, and told how John Krass, a leading merchant in Prague, was thrown into prison for speaking against the condemnation of Huss, and saying that it was the right of all believers to partake of the cup in the Lord's Supper.

“He was cruelly treated. Some implored him to recant; but, like Stephen of old, he had caught a glimpse of his Saviour in glory, and his only reply was, ‘I am ready to die for the gospel of Christ.’ He was then burned at the stake.” As he spoke thus, the physician's face glowed with holy ardour. “Are we ready, my friends,” he said, “if called to choose between Christ and what we know to be deadly error, to say, ‘None but Christ, none but Christ’? Are we ready?”

There were young, ardent spirits listening to these words, who were bound to life by many precious ties; but at that moment they felt they could indeed as soon abandon their lives as deny the Saviour, whose wondrous love to men they were but beginning to understand. Then every knee was bent in prayer. As they rose, a low, peculiar whistle was heard; and Paul Cramer, going to the window, saw a boy standing, who made a sign to him to open the door. For a moment the doctor

hesitated. Well he knew the questioning that would arise if it became known to the authorities that these meetings were held in his house. But another look at the boy's face satisfied him, for he recognized him as the eldest son of the poor woman whose last moments he had comforted in the cottage by the roadside. The boy—whose name was Andrew Kyd—came forward eagerly as the doctor opened the door.

“Oh, sir,” he said, “bid a’ that are in your room bide still a wee, for” (and the boy lowered his voice as he spoke) “Friar Tom—Black Tom, as we ca’ him—is watching no far off. I heard him saying to a friend that he was na sure but folks met at your hoose that wud be better awa’; he liked nae foreigner, he said. So if ony of your friends are wi’ you, tell them to bide still till the friar’s awa’.”

The doctor thanked the boy for his warning; and after giving him some words of kindly counsel, he went back to the room where the little company were assembled. His words took them by surprise; they had no idea that any one had suspected their meetings. But one and all declared they were ready for whatever was before them.

“Nay, my friends,” said the doctor; “let us do nothing rashly. There’s no wisdom in rushing into

the mouth of the lion ; let us wait till we are led there. In the meantime, let us be wary."

Young Miretown stepped forward.

"Let me go," he said. "I know Black Tom, as he is called ; and know him also to be blacker in heart than name. But he owes my father something for helping him out of a difficulty ; and I'll go and speak with him, and lead him down to the castle, where I have appointed to meet my friends the Dunmores. And, meanwhile, you others can step out one by one, and you'll soon get lost sight of in the crowd."

All agreed to the plan ; and after some farewell words, the young laird departed, saying he would send back Andrew Kyd to tell when the road was clear.

Not long after he had gone, the boy returned, saying the friar and Master Miretown were standing at the castle-gate.

And so the party went out one by one, scarce knowing when they might next venture on a meeting. The doctor saw them go, then returned to his solitary room. A cloud had fallen on his spirits. He feared not for himself, but for those who looked up to him. Through what dangers might they not be called to pass, whilst as yet their knowledge of the truth was small and their

faith weak ! Was this suspicion of the friar the beginning of a time of trouble ? For a moment his spirit sank at the thought. Would the work be stopped just as it was beginning ? It was Satan's suggestion—his fiery dart, cast in hopes of finding an entry into the heart of an enemy. But it fell powerless : the shield of faith warded it off, and in a moment Paul Cramer was on his knees, seeking new strength to commit himself, and all the little band who met from time to time in his house, into the sure, safe keeping of the King of kings. Once more the words of his little sister sounded in his ears—"Jesus will be with you, brother, and me also." Yes ; that voice of which he had spoken to Davie Dunmore was heard again in that hour of soul conflict, whispering, "Peace, be still !" and the light shone brightly on his soul. He rose strengthened ; assured that through whatever trials the Lord might see fit to call him and the band of young believers in that city, he would make them more than conquerors through Christ Jesus.





CHAPTER VIII.

LIESE'S DRAWINGS.

"None e'er shall lack a service
Who only seek His will;
For He doth teach His children
To suffer and be still.

"In love's deep fount of treasures
Such precious things are stored,
Laid up for wayside watchers
Who wait upon the Lord."



"H, how beautiful!" said Davie Dunmore, as he held up a small painting which Dr. Cramer had just taken out of a case and put into the boy's hand, saying, "See! I have remembered my promise. There is one of my sister Liese's drawings."

In the foreground of the picture was a huge rock,—a cleft one; and towards the opening in it, which was plainly the entrance to a cave, a beautiful white dove was flying, closely pursued by a powerful vulture. So close was the pursuit, that as you looked first at the picture, you trem-

bled for the fate of the gentle bird, for its cruel enemy was swooping down on it, bent on its destruction ; but a longer look convinced one that the dove must reach the cleft in the rock ere the vulture could overtake it,—and once there, it was safe. Near the rock lay an open volume and a cup.

“ What does it mean ? ” asked Davie. “ Is there any story about that rock ? ”

The doctor looked at him gravely. “ Yes, young master, there is, and a blessed story too. Yonder rock, that cleft rock, is an emblem of Him—the King we spoke of lately—who was crucified for us ; another of his names is ‘ Rock of Ages.’ And yonder dove is—well, what it represents in that picture you must have lived in my beloved land fully to understand ; but it also represents, in one respect, yourself.”

“ Myself, doctor ? Nay,” and the boy smiled, “ mayhap the vulture may be me, but scarce the gentle dove.”

“ Yet so it is. Tell me,” and the doctor laid his hand gently on the boy’s arm, “ are you not like yonder dove, tired and weary, seeking rest, longing to escape from a worse enemy than the vulture—even Satan ? And, believe me, the rest you want can only be found in Christ Jesus, the

‘Rock of Ages,’—in the service of the ‘King of kings.’”

The boy said little; but a look of peace and calm came on his countenance as the doctor spoke. One other picture was put before him. A small ship tossed on a stormy sea, with a figure standing up with outstretched hands; and underneath, in illuminated letters, were the words, “Peace, be still!”

At that picture Davie looked long; then, raising his eyes to the doctor, he said, almost in a whisper, “I think He has said ‘Peace, be still!’ to me, even as He did to Liese.”

There were few more words exchanged between these two that day, save that the doctor bent his knee, and returned thanks to God that the Sun of Righteousness had arisen on the dark soul of Davie Dunmore.

One or two other pictures were left with the boy, to be returned to the doctor on his next visit. These were chiefly drawn by the doctor himself. One was of a child lying helplessly on a couch in a dark room, only light enough to show the pained, restless expression on the child’s face. It was a picture one turned from gladly. A child suffering must ever be a painful sight. Sunshine and flowers seem to belong almost by right to child-

hood's days. But there was another picture : the same child, the same room, the same couch—yet, how different ! Into the dark chamber the sun had penetrated ; its bright beams were lighting up all around ; they shone on the pale face of the child, till it seemed to catch the brightness and to shine in return. They softened the lines of pain, and wove themselves into a crown of gold round her head. They played amongst the flowers that lay on her pillow, painting them with rainbow hues.

As the doctor gave these pictures into the boy's hands, he had whispered, "Liese before and after ;" and Davie understood it all. That dark, gloomy picture was the suffering child, before the voice of the Son of the King had spoken to her heart the "Peace, be still !"—and the other was her after the storm had become a calm, and the sunshine of Christ's love had dissipated the darkness.

One other picture, also the work of the physician, was a simple one of Jesus with a little child in his arms, his hand lightly resting on its head, as if in the act of blessing it ; and, underneath, the words, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not."

"Mother, *petite mère*," called out the boy, as the lady entered the room with the baby in her

arms, "come here. Look at this picture, and tell me who it is like. Is it not lovely?"

"Like?" said the mother. "Why, Davie, who drew it? 'Tis Marie, little *bijou*! and so like her! and what a kind, loving face the person who holds her has! Ah, I could look at it for hours. Who gave it you, Davie?"

"Doctor Cramer. He was showing me some drawings done by his little cripple sister, and left me one or two of his own to look at; but I don't think he meant to leave that one."

"But what does it mean?" asked the young mother. "'Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not,'" she said, slowly repeating the words, as if to take in their meaning.

"I think I understand," said the boy. "Mother, that figure represents the Lord Jesus, the King we were speaking about as greater than our own King James. Doctor Cramer told me one day that Jesus loved children, even little ones, to come to Him, and He would make them happy. And I am sure, when he was drawing that, he was wishing that our little Marie (you know how kind he is to her, mother!) might learn to love the Saviour; and so he drew her just where he wants to see her,—in the King's arms,—and wrote these words. I wonder who said them? Do you think Jesus

could? Mother, don't you wish Jesus would look like that on our little Marie? If he really said, 'Suffer her to come,' you would not forbid her, mother, would you?"

The Lady Louise was troubled by the question. Her eye rested fondly on her fair babe, and then on the kind loving face of Him in whose arms she was depicted. "I could trust her in his arms—he would do her good, not harm," she said. "But Davie, is that really Jesus, the son of Mary? He looks so different from what he does on the crucifix."

"Oh yes," said the boy, with a shudder; "very different." Then he showed his mother the two pictures of little Liese. Her eyes filled with tears as she looked; and in his simple way the boy spoke about them. "Aren't you glad," he said, "that Jesus has spoken to her, poor little cripple? How sweet and calm her face looks now, after she has heard that 'Peace, be still!' Mother,"—and the boy's voice sank to a whisper as he said, "I think *I* have heard that voice too, and I do wish to become like him. He loves to have his soldiers meek and lowly in spirit as well as brave."

The mother stooped and kissed the boy's pale forehead, saying kindly, "I think you have, Davie; something has changed you. You must tell me

more about this Jesus, who seems so good and kind. Poor little Liese! I am so glad she has some one to comfort her. I wonder how her brother could leave her, or why he came here?"

That question Davie Dunmore had asked himself often; but though he could not have put it in words, he was now beginning to have some idea of the reason why. To tell some, who knew it not, of the Saviour he loved so well; could that have been the reason?

And so the seed, dropped by the hand of the medical missionary into the heart of the impetuous boy at the time of his illness, was quietly springing up, and leading more than one to ask the source from whence it sprung. A still small voice had begun to whisper to Lady Louise of a peace which the world knows not of—of a Saviour who could bless and love even a little child. And what of Sir Thomas Godwin? Did he shut his eyes and his ears to the change in his young pupil? Knew he nought of heretics or heresy? or was he too much absorbed in his studies to heed these things? Partly that was the case; but for all that he was no unobservant onlooker. From the first night he had no doubts that Doctor Cramer was what was termed in England a Lollard, in Bohemia a Hussite. But Sir Thomas, though a priest,

had for long exercised his own powers of thinking ; and though he would have shrunk with horror at the thought of condemning the mother Church, still his pure mind and refined feelings recoiled at the acts of many who professed to teach her doctrines,—and he believed it possible that some whom men termed heretics might in the eyes of God be better than those who, under the name of teachers of religion, led lives in every respect the opposite from Him whose servants they professed to be. So he said nothing, and only silently watched the change taking place in the mind of the young laird, to whom, in spite of his many faults, he was fondly attached, and to whose dead mother he had borne the fondest affection ; and she, he knew, though no one else in the household had ever suspected it, had been tainted in no small degree by the so-called heresy of the Lollards, many of whom had frequented her parental home in England. “ Sir Thomas,” had been her parting words, “ tell my husband—and my children, when they are old enough to understand it—that I die in peace, looking for salvation through the merits of the Lord Jesus.” The Laird of Dunmore was from home at the time of his wife’s death, and when Sir Thomas repeated the words to him, they conveyed to his mind no other idea save that which he had

long held, that his wife was ripe for heaven. A doubt as to her strong belief in all the doctrines of the Church never crossed his mind ; and his often expressed desire was, that his little Maude might grow up as pure and good a woman as her mother had been. As for his boy, he sought only to see him bold in the chase, and one day brave in the battle-field, and was content to leave religion to the women and the priests.

And the change in the boy, which, as time went on, even he could not fail to mark, he attributed to failing health and weakness of body, rather than to the true cause—the silent yet powerful work of the Holy Spirit, leading him to One by whose power old things pass away and all things become new.





CHAPTER IX.

NEWS FROM A FAR COUNTRY.

" High in the heaven of heavens above,
Before the great eternal throne,
Christ hears thy half-unspoken prayer,
As though *thou* wert his only one;

" As though *thy* sorrow filled his heart,
As though for *thee* alone he died,
As though o'er *thee* his joy were full—
And there were none on earth beside."



SUMMER sunshine was once more flooding the town of Prague, sparkling on the waters of its beautiful river, and lighting up the houses and buildings in its quaint streets. Those daring little sunbeams, where do they not contrive to find an entrance? and what a world of good they effect when they *do* get in! "Golden sunbeams, how we love them!" But we will wait till the bright, burning glow of their beams is somewhat abated, and, in the hush of the "summer weather in the golden afternoon," take a peep into Paul Crawler's old home in

Prague. Three years had elapsed since he had left it for the far-off land of Scotland, and yet no tidings had come of his welfare. True, it was hardly to be expected that they would, the means of communication between the two countries being so uncertain. Still, some traveller might have brought news in some unexpected way. Had he reached his destination in safety? Had he been able in any degree to carry out his mission? Had he found friends or foes in the foreign land? Such were some of the questions that would arise in the hearts of his father and sister. How they longed to know! Doubts, anxieties, fears would and did arise. Often did they cheer each other by saying, "Happen what might, for Paul all was well." Over and over again would Liese repeat the words: "Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." Again and again did she say "that the Lord could keep his people free from the *fear of evil*." Yet hours would come when faith grew weak, and trust failed, and nothing was felt by either of these tried loving hearts but a yearning, almost past enduring, to hear from and

of him, so dear, so unspeakably dear to both ; and Liese, gentle Liese, striving to hide her fears from her father's eye, would seek refuge in her own room, and pour out all her sorrows to her heavenly Father. Ah, nowhere in Scripture are we told that Christians are to be Stoics, dead to human love and fears ; they may learn some wondrous lessons in their tribulation, and may even come to glory in it, because of the felt power of Christ resting on them ; but it is tribulation still of which St. Paul has written—"Tis *not* joyous, but grievous." And He who made the human heart with all its wondrous capacity of loving, and consequently of suffering, would not blame the cripple girl as she shed bitter tears in her anxiety to hear of her only brother. Nay, rather did He, who knew her frame, and remembered she was but dust—who putteth the very tears of his people in a bottle—open up a way whereby the tidings she longed for reached her at last. Oh, is not our loving Saviour God the same now as he was when he dwelt on earth, and said to his sorrowing disciples when they mourned over his departure from them, "I will not leave you comfortless" ?

It was on a golden afternoon, in the summer weather we have written of, that Liese's comfort

came. Her household business was done (for, cripple though she was, she superintended all), and she was seated in what had been her brother's study, busily engaged in drawing a picture she had promised to take soon to a sick child, when she heard a step so light, so quick, coming along the passage, that she could scarce believe it possible to be her father's, when the door opened quickly and he entered, bearing a parcel in his hand.

"Good news!—good news, little Liese!" he said. "Letters from Paul at last, brought by a friend from St. Andrews. He is well, thank God!—that is all I have heard as yet; for the bearer, with right good feeling, said he would leave us in quiet to read our budget, and, if I would allow him, return in the evening and tell us all he knew about Paul."

Ah, the preciousness of these letters! How they were read, and re-read, and pondered over, and treasured up, they only can rightly understand who have received the like from some loved one after the very hope of ever again hearing from them has well-nigh died out. Truly has the wise king said, "As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country."

Of the contents of those letters we already

know a part, for they contained news of much which we have related in the former chapters—news of the way in which the physician's missionary work was progressing, and of the kind friends that the Lord had raised up to him in the land of his exile. Over the story of Davie Dunmore and his illness, the gentle Liese shed tears. If she had found it a sore trial not to be able to move about as others could, what must it have been for a high-spirited boy like him, accustomed almost from infancy to active out-of-door sport! Little Lysken Van Weld, too, how interested father and daughter got in her; though it may be for one moment Liese felt a pang of envy as she thought of the child sitting, as she had so often done, on Paul's knee, and helping to cheer the long winter nights. Many loving messages were sent to members of the congregation of believers who had sent the medical missionary on his perilous work; and the very evening after the letters had been received, the bearer of them, a relative of the Flemish merchant Van Weld, accompanied the father and daughter to the little meeting-house, and joined with them as they returned thanks to the Lord for the safety of their loved brother in Jesus, and sought earnestly that great blessing might attend his sowing of the gospel

seed in the Scottish city. There was much to be told that evening, as the young Fleming sat with the father and Liese talking of Paul and his mode of life. Tears moistened their eyes as they heard how his gentle sympathy and medical skill had won him many hearts, although the fact was not concealed that his uprightness and exposure of wrong-doing had also made him enemies.

“And this Bishop Henry Wardlaw,” asked the father, “what of him?”

The young man hesitated, then said,—“He is accounted a man of learning, and one who by no means connives at vice; but he knows not that what he terms light is darkness, and condemns unsparingly whatever has the least appearance of what is termed heresy. He it was who condemned Resby to the flames. He is best described in the Saviour’s words when, warning his disciples of the trials awaiting them, he spoke of those who, whilst killing them, would think they did God service.”

There were many messages and tokens of love sent by the hand of the young stranger to the medical missionary; for he hoped to return to St. Andrews again ere very long. There was much to be told from Bohemia: the persecution of the Hussites was becoming greater daily; the

meeting for prayer and praise had now to be held in the greatest secrecy ; and scorn and oppression was the lot of the faithful followers of the Lord Jesus.

Since Paul Cramer had left his home, a parish priest called John Silau had been preaching boldly in Prague, upholding the right of the people to take the cup of salvation, when he was seized and beheaded, along with twelve others, by order of the Romish priests. Scenes of cruelty were enacted on all sides, and the infant Church was passing through much tribulation.

Amid these scenes of sorrow, cripple Liese acted no passive part. Her health had wonderfully improved ; and though a cripple still, yet, by the aid of a crutch, she could walk about easily now, and often might be found in the homes of the suffering Christians, reading words of comfort, and cheering them in dark and anxious moments.

Young Van Mülör, who had heard from little Lysken Van Weld stories of the cripple girl in Prague, could hardly imagine that the comparatively active young girl, whom he saw managing her father's household, and looked up to by many as a guide and help, was she ; but the holy look of peace, and even joy, which beamed on her face,

reminded him at times of that of the Bohemian doctor, whose very countenance told of a heart that had found rest and peace in believing. That peace he had not yet found for himself, though his eyes were opened to see the darkness; and, unknown to herself, during the weeks he remained at Prague, it was Liese's words and holy life, her simple faith and ardent love to souls, that led him to give himself entirely to the Saviour, and from thenceforth to take up his cross and follow him. Happy Liese! to be used to win one soul to Jesus. Surely of her it could well be said, *Cripple*, but not *useless*. To her the visit of the young Fleming had brought great joy. To sit and listen to stories of Paul, and hear his praises, was sweet music to her ears. She never wearied asking questions about the country, the city, and the people. Again and again she made him describe the house where her brother lived, the different streets, the cathedral, the castle,—till she seemed to see them all, and the foreign city was no longer an unknown place to her. And once more she lifted up her head in thanksgiving to Him who had guided her brother in safety over the seas, and raised up for him friends and helpers in his new abode.



CHAPTER X.

MISTRESS MAUDE.

"Quiet talk she liketh best
In a bower of gentle looks,
Watering flowers or reading books.

"And her smile it seems half holy,
As if drawn from thoughts more far
Than our common jestings are."



JULY sunset was crimsoning the sky, dark purple cloudlets fringed with gold were gathering on the western horizon, waiting to do homage to the orb of day as he sank to rest, when we once more take a peep at Dunmore Castle, where evidently some slight excitement is going on. Three years have elapsed since the time we first took a glance into that castle on a misty autumn day. Once more a party are collected in the court, anxiously looking out for some expected one. The gateway is open, the drawbridge down ; so friends, not foes, are coming. The Lady Louise is among the

group, not a bit less girlish-like than when we saw her first. She is looking radiant with delight, turning every now and then to a tall, strikingly handsome youth, who stands beside her, holding by the hand a miniature Lady Louise, in the shape of little Marie, now a child of nearly four years.

"David," the lady was saying, "is not yon the cavalcade? Look! your eyes see further than mine. Oh, I am sure 'tis so. And only think how glad Maude will be to see us all again,—quite four years since she has been home. Won't she admire him, *le beau garçon!*" she said, holding up a fine chubby baby of some eight months old; "and Marie, and you, Davie: why, she'll hardly believe you were as ill as we told her.—He looks strong, almost strong, Sir Thomas, does he not?" she said, appealing abruptly to the tutor, who stood near.

A look of pain involuntarily crossed the kind man's countenance, as he looked at the lad and said,—“Master Davie is wonderfully better, my lady—wonderfully so; let us hope some day he may get strong. But we must not be disappointed if Mistress Maude thinks otherwise; he was a strong healthy boy when she left, not a tall strippling like this,” he said, laying his hand kindly on the lad's shoulder.

Yes, to no eye, save the fond blind one of affec-

tion, had Davie Dunmore any signs of strength. The delicate changing complexion, the brilliant yet sunken eyes, the oftentimes constant cough, told too plainly of disease,—overcome, perhaps, for a while, but deep-rooted still. And he knew it; but the thought was no longer fraught with dismay. The future before him no longer stretched out gray and desolate, for a bright light illumined it, and to Davie Dunmore the unknown world beyond death was now thought of only as his “Father’s home.” But he was better, and glad and thankful to be so; once more to breathe the fresh air, and lie under leafy trees, watching the play of the leaves, and

“Gaze into the summer sky,
Where the sailing clouds went by like ships upon the sea.”

Not the life he had chalked out for himself of activity and energy; not the life any would perchance choose for themselves; yet one appointed in love to many weak, suffering ones, as for *them* the right though painful way to the city of habitation. And Davie had found rest—the “Peace, be still!” had been heard at length, and he had become a soldier in the noblest of all strifes, with the base and wrong in himself and in those around him—fighting the battles under the Captain of his salvation, Jesus Christ. To him the thought of once

more seeing his loved sister was a mingled emotion. How would he feel now, to think she shared not his faith, knew not his Saviour, and still bent the knee to images, and called for aid on saints and Virgin, whose help could avail her nothing? Would it be given him to be allowed to lead her to the Fountain of life ; or might she not draw him back once more to those things? At the bare thought he shuddered, and repeated the words read to him by the Bohemian doctor : " My grace is sufficient for thee ; my strength is made perfect in weakness." And what of young Miretown? he asked himself. That he had learned to love the true Evangel, was well known ; and would he feel himself bound to become united for life to one who knew not the truth? Some such thoughts were passing through the lad's mind when his mother's words roused him.

" Ah, yes," he exclaimed ; " sure enough, 'tis the cavalcade.—Lyndsay ! Carstairs !" he called out, with somewhat of his old energy, " make ready your bugles to sound a welcome.—And now, Elspet," he said, turning to an elderly woman who stood near, " take Marie under your wing, so that I may be free to embrace my sister ; though I do believe she'll be far more anxious to see her old nurse than her wild brother."

The person thus addressed smiled. "Ah," she said, "'tis many and many a time I've tired for a sight of my bonnie young lady, despite these new bit weans have found their way into old Elspet's heart too; but Mistress Maude will aye have the warmest corner in it."

Just then the bugles sounded a merry blast, which was caught up and answered by those outside, and the cavalcade rode into the castle-yard. The laird was first to enter, on his fiery steed; and seated on a pillion behind him, with her arm thrown round his waist, was Mistress Maude. In a moment Davie was forward to assist her, and with a light step she bounded to the ground, and found herself in the arms of one whom she could scarce believe was really her young brother.

To describe her seems impossible. Like a sudden flash of sunshine she appeared to the inmates of the castle, her sunny brown hair falling in silken ripples round her face and down her fair neck, every motion that of grace and dignity combined, and withal a look of thought in the dark blue eyes that spoke of a thoughtful mind, and gave her at times a more mature appearance than that of her young step-mother. Yes, Mistress Maude was a beautiful creature, and lovable as well; and her warm heart beat with joy at once more finding

herself with those she loved. The charming little Marie, and the splendid baby-boy, how she admired them both; and her father, so well and strong; and her blithe little step-mother, so kind, so solicitous that she should find her home comfortable; and old Elspet looking just as she did of yore; but Davie—how he puzzled her that first night! That tall fragile stripling, with the calm, thoughtful, peaceful expression, as of one at rest, could he be the same as the wild, impetuous, unrestrained, warm-hearted boy she had left? She almost wished he would break into one of his old passions, that she might see some trace of his former self. But his embrace as they parted for the evening was as warm as in days of yore; and his “God bless you, sister mine,” as they said good-night, sounded in her ears for long after she sat in the quiet of her own room, thinking over the events of the day. The moonbeams were flitting gently in the room as she went to the narrow casement ere she retired to rest. Very peaceful looked all around the castle in that silvery light; a slight wind had arisen, and little white caps were covering the sea, flashing silver as the moonbeams ever and anon fell on them; and the young girl’s eye rested with pleasure on the familiar scene. Only once or twice she sighed heavily. Could

that blooming young creature have already learned to know sorrow or care? She turned from the window and sat down. A carved oak rosary lay on a rudely constructed table, and beside it a small crucifix—presents, she had been told, from her father and mother. Beside them was a small parchment roll, with “From a Friend, to Maude,” in illuminated letters outside. She lifted the crucifix and removed it to another part of the room, quietly put the rosary aside, and almost unconsciously undid the roll. As her eyes rested on it, she started with surprise, and a flush of wondering joy rose to her brow as she read the words, no unfamiliar ones to her, half aloud, “There is one God, and *one* Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus.” “Believe on the Lord Jésus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.” Who could have written this? As she read, a flood of tears came to her relief, and throwing herself on her knees, she spread her trouble, or her joy, as the case was, before her Father in heaven. Did she ask the Virgin Mother to present the prayer? We shall see, but now we will leave her in prayer—a fitting conclusion to the first day of her return to the home of her childhood, Dunmore Castle.



CHAPTER XI.

THE SECRET TREASURE.

"Holy Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure, thou art mine!"

 SOME days passed, and what with friends coming and going, riding out with her father, and playing with the children, Maude found her time so occupied that she had never contrived to be much alone with Davie, who still continued to be a strange riddle to her. In one thing she was sorely disappointed. The account she had received lately of his improved health had led her to expect to find him at least getting stronger; and now in every symptom she read that early death, not life, was to be his portion. Once only had she said something to him of his health, and he answered her perfectly calmly:—

"Maude, 'tis well you should accustom yourself, from the first, to think of me as I really am—a dying lad. Linger a while I may, but that is all."

He was going on to say more, when his father entered and carried Maude off to walk with him. She spoke to him then of Davie ; but he said the lad *was* delicate, but fanciful as well.

"Poor boy!" he said, in a slight tone of contempt; "since he could not be a soldier, I fancy he is thinking of turning priest. He takes wonderfully to his books now, Sir Thomas tells me, and is as meek as a lamb."

"Turning priest!" Maude said; "surely not, father! Davie is too good, too upright and generous-hearted, to turn priest!"

The laird gave a whistle of surprise. "Ha! now, fair lady, take heed to your words! Our Bishop Wardlaw brooks no evil talked of priests or friars; and, by St. Andrew, I tell you I'd scarce like the honour of being father to a heretic lady." He laughed heartily as he spoke, but failed to remark the crimson flush which mantled Maude's face at his words. But, lowering his voice, he said, "Strange stories are afloat of opinions held by the Bohemian doctor I told you of; and rumour even goes so far as to insinuate that he holds heretical meetings in his house with some of the students at the university; and names are given even of some of our young neighbouring lairds as attending them. The greatest villain I know—Friar Tom

—had even the impertinence to stop me the other day and ask me how I liked the thought of having as a son-in-law one who despised the Holy Mother Church. By-the-way, Maude, methinks he is a cool suitor, this same William Miretown. Three weeks since you came home, and yet he has not found time to pay his devoirs ! He makes very sure of his prize. What if I take it into my head to mate thee with another ? ”

Maude’s cheeks were crimson now, and her heart beat loudly ; not at the threat, not even at the implied indifference of her betrothed, but at other words her father had spoken, which raised a tumult of feelings he could not have understood. But, in reply, she said in a low tone, “ My grandmother told me William Miretown was from home just now.” Then, changing the subject, she said,—“ Father, you remember the promise you made, that when I returned home you would give me the cabinet my mother left, to be given me when I was seventeen years of age ! I am more than that now. May I have it to-night ? ”

“ Certainly,” said her father. “ I believe Sir Thomas Godwin retains possession of it. Your mother intrusted it to his care. Probably it contains some piece of female adornment she thought it unsuitable for you to wear as a child. Yet, truth

to say, your mother's chief adornment was her own pure womanly spirit. Be like her, my girl, and I will be well content !”

That evening, Maude received from the hands of Sir Thomas a neat cabinet about three feet high, and withdrew with it into the small room in the tower of the castle appropriated to her use. Little would a maiden of the nineteenth century think of that boudoir, even though a few French luxuries and English comforts rendered it for that period one of unusual elegance. Yet, despite all, the rush-strewn floor and rudely constructed table and chairs looked strangely out of keeping with the fair, refined girl to whom they belonged. The view from the turret-room was a very extensive one, and in the quiet of that summer evening, with the level rays of the sun descending and lighting up the dark-blue sea and the rocky, boulder-strewn beach with “mysterious splendour,” was beautiful indeed. So thought Mistress Maude, as she seated herself by the casement of the “maiden bower,” and cast one admiring glance at the surrounding scenery ere she opened the secret cabinet. Her curiosity was largely stirred. Often as a child had she spent hours wondering what the cabinet (of which she had been told) contained ; and now that she had it fairly in her own possession, her hands trembled

so, she could scarcely open it. But she did, and various little loving remembrances of her dead mother met her eyes, and filled them with tears. One or two locks of hair, brown as her own, were marked, "For my children." Some jewels of value were there also. But in the centre of the cabinet was a drawer ; you touched a spring, and it opened ; and in beautifully illuminated letters were the words, "Touch another spring, and you will find the pearl of great price.'" Half wondering, Maude obeyed the written injunction ; and as she did so, a secret deep drawer was brought to view, and in it lay a closely-written manuscript book, in the strange writing and spelling of the day. Maude started as she read the words, "Translation of the Holy Scriptures, by Wycliffe ;" and underneath, "It is enacted that whatsoever they are that shall read the Scriptures in the mother tongue, they shall forfeit land, catel, lif, and godes, and so be condemned for heretykes to God, enemies to the crowne, and most errant traitors to the lande." Then, in a lady's writing, the other words, "Search the Scriptures ;" and, "We ought to obey God rather than man." — "Open, my sweet Maude, and read ; and may the words make thee and Davie wise unto salvation. They have been my comfort in life, and my

hope in death. In Christ crucified I rest all my hopes for salvation."

In a moment Maude had the precious volume in her hands, and opening it, placed it on the table, and burst into tears of joy. "O mother, mother!" she said; "then you too knew the glad news--you too loved the Lord Jesus, and even at the risk of your life kept and prized his Word! Oh, if Davie only shared the like faith!"

For Maude also the darkness had become light. In her mother's English home, where she had spent the last four years of her life, near the city of York, the light had arisen which for her changed all things. In that neighbourhood, loving memories of the Reformer lingered, and some of the families retained, though in secret, copies of at least portions of his English translations of the Scriptures. One of these Maude had obtained temporary possession of, and, partly out of curiosity, had begun to read. But as she read, light came; and it was by the study of God's own Word, unassisted by man, that Maude, like her mother, found life and peace. So true is it, "The entrance of His words giveth light: it giveth understanding to the simple." And so, though in such diverse ways, the prayer of faith offered by the mother in the name of Jesus was fulfilled, and the two children she had loved so

dearly were drawn out of the darkness which surrounded them, to the feet of Jesus, to learn of him.

Maude's joy at the discovery she had made caused her to forget the risk she ran, if found with a copy of the prohibited Scriptures in her hand ; and she still sat eagerly reading the words of life, when the door opened and her brother entered, apologizing for his intrusion by saying,—

“Maude, I've brought some pictures my kind friend Doctor Cramer gave me. I thought you might like to take a glance at them.”

In her confusion, Maude had risen and thrown her arm across the open volume ; not so much from the desire to conceal it, as from fear that any one should seek to deprive her of her treasure. Davie's eyes rested not on it, but on the open cabinet.

“Our mother's, Maude?” he said, interrogatively. “And its contents? May I know, or is it to remain a secret?”

“Nay, Davie,” she said ; “my mother meant it for you also. Look here ! The Scriptures in the mother tongue !”

“Truly, Maude, you have found a treasure !”

A few more minutes, and brother and sister knew that they had one faith, one Lord, one hope ; and together their voices rose in united prayer to

their Father in heaven. They resolved to take counsel with friends ere revealing, to any who knew not the truth, the fact of their having discovered the holy volume. It were but rashness to speak of it to those who understood not its value, and who would most likely either destroy it, or hand it over to Bishop Wardlaw as an heretical book.

To read the Word of God in his own language was a treat to Davie—the portions Doctor Cramer had brought him were in Latin—and he thought with joy of the delight young Miretown and others would have in reading the Evangel in the English tongue.

The brother and sister spent a happy hour that evening in the turret-room, and traced with wonder the way by which the Lord had led them to himself, and spoken peace to them as he had done to the little cripple child in Prague.





CHAPTER XII.

MARIE.

Babes ! love could always see
Behind the clouds that hid them—
“ Let little children come to Me
And do not thou forbid them.”

 “ WASN'T she a sweet lamb, Mistress Maude ?” said old Elspet, as she finished brushing little Marie's dark curls, and then set her free to bound out of the room in search of Davie. “ A sweet lamb ! and as good as she's bonnie,” continued the nurse. “ Deed, 'tis a pity 'tis not she that my lady has vowed to the Virgin, instead of a babe that may never be born ; for the bit lamb takes wonderfully to good ways. And just to-day, what think you I found, but her on her knees praying ! And nobody bidding her, either. Oh, she's no common bairn yon ! And when I asked her gif it were our Lady she was praying to, she looked at me with her great black eyes, and said—‘ Our Lady ! Nurse, why, don't

you know I was asking Jesus to make me his child, like Davie teaches me to do?' Poor bairn! as if the Lord Jesus would listen to her prayers unless our Lady presented them! I said that to her, and she turned quite quick-like on me. 'Oh yes, he will,' she said. 'Doctor Crower told Davie the Lord Jesus said, "Let the little children come to Me, and forbid them not." I know he hears me.' And deed, Mistress Maude," said the old woman, "there's something no canny about that doctor. I like nane o' your foreign folks; though I must say he's done wonders for Maister Davie, in more ways than one."

"That's true," said Maude; "I never saw any one so changed for the better as Davie. But oh, Elspet"—and Maude's eyes filled with tears as she spoke—"he's not long for this world. It seems to me his health is far more precarious than any of you are thinking. I wish I could see this Doctor Crower, and ask him what he thinks of his state."

That wish was to be fulfilled sooner than Maude thought of, and in a most unexpected, sad way. Some days after the conversation we have narrated, the Lady Louise was aroused at midnight by Elspet.

"My lady, Marie, little Marie, has awoke so

fevered, and her breath sounds so strange! I wish you would come and see her for yourself."

The mother rose quickly, a strange terror in her heart. Her cherished little Marie—could there be much amiss with her? Followed at once by her husband, she ran into the room. The loud, rough breathing reached her ear ere she entered. None knew what was amiss; but a glance told that the illness, of whatever nature, was serious. Long hours of anxious watching passed ere Doctor Cramer could be got. Ere he arrived, the stamp of death was visibly set on the brow of the little Marie. That mysterious complaint—which cuts off so many little ones from our household groups—which we call croup, had seized little Marie. It may be in those days it bore some other name, but the symptoms were the same. In a moment the doctor saw the hopelessness of the case. His look, even ere he spoke, told the worst. The young mother appealed to him in a frantic manner.

"Ah, doctor," she said, "she is only *malade*—not very ill. Ah, do not look so! Say she is not so ill! You can cure her, can you not? You know how ill Davie was, and you cured him. Ah, do say my Marie is not so *very* ill!"

The last words were uttered in almost a wail. How the kind heart of the physician felt for the

young mother ! But concealment was impossible. Very gently he prepared her for the worst. Poor mother ! her distress was fearful to witness. It could not be, she said. Her bright little floweret, her little angel daughter—oh, she could not let her die ! Her husband strove in vain to quiet her. Maude soothed her as one would soothe a troubled child. But the first words that hushed for a moment her passionate grief were those of Davie, as he bent over her and gently whispered,—

“ ‘Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not.’ You would not keep her back from Jesus, mother ?”

Just then the child spoke. “Mamma,” she said, “kiss.” Then she held out her little hands to Davie, and in a whisper lisped the words—“I love Jesus, Davie ; I do. Say, ‘Suffer—’”

Her brother bent over her, and repeated the rest of the words. Ere he finished, the Good Shepherd had borne the soul of the little lamb to the heavenly fold, and the choir of heaven had another child’s voice joining in its hallelujahs.

The blow had fallen so quickly, so unexpectedly, that it was long ere any of them realized that their little Marie was removed from their midst. The Lady Louise sank under the severe shock, and a long dangerous illness was the result of it. The

fondest love of husband and children was lavished on her; and with God's blessing on the means used, and with youth on her side, health came again.

Wonderful lessons the *belle Française* learned on that bed of sickness and sorrow. Once more were the words of the foreign medical missionary used to bring blessing to a soul in Dunmore. Calmly, lovingly, he pointed the bereaved mother to the Saviour; gently, as she could bear it, he spoke of her little Marie safe for ever in the arms of Jesus. He spoke not of the errors of the Church; but he spoke of *Jesus*,—of his holy life, his atoning death, his love for little children, his joy when he received one into the heavenly mansions—of his gently leading them to fountains of living waters, and resting with them in his arms under the shadow of the tree of life, beside the crystal rivers,—till the mother's heart learned to love and longed to know more of a Saviour so unlike the one of whom she had heard through priests, and thought of as some far-off, unapproachable, unloving Being. Of a risen, living Jesus—one who cared for her and was present with her—she knew as little as any of us have known till the light of the glorious gospel hath shined on our dark hearts, and, dissipating the misty veil which

Satan hung before our eyes, let us see Jesus no more afar off, but *near*, our Brother and yet our Lord, and we can say of him in very truth—

“The Lord is risen indeed! and now
Our kinsman he appears;
He walks beside us on the road,
And shares our smiles and tears.”

By her step-mother's sick-bed Maude learned to know the Bohemian doctor. And he was not slow to discover that the gentle girl whom he found such an efficient nurse, such a skilful soother of sorrow, had herself been taught of Him who came to bind up the broken-hearted and heal the sick; and in his heart he rejoiced that his warm-hearted friend, young Miretown, would find in his betrothed one who would share his faith and hope.

The Lady Louise was getting better ere Maude summoned courage to ask Doctor Crower his opinion of Davie's health. Then he told her care might do much to prolong his life even for years, but any sudden shock or deep sorrow would, he feared, prove too much for the fragile lad; adding, kindly,—

“But, as far as one can see, from any such mishap Master Davie is well shielded. Sorrow to those he loves would be the hardest for him to bear; and let us hope *that* trial will be far from him.”

Maude raised her eyes to the doctor's kind, thoughtful face.

"The person Davie loves the most on earth, Doctor Crower, is yourself. *Your* sorrow would be his; evil to *you* would kill him." Then, lowering her eyes, and speaking almost in a whisper, she said—"For his sake, and those who love you, be careful, and beware of 'wolves in sheep's clothing.'"

For rumours had reached Maude's ears of hidden foes, who were tracking the steps of the foreign doctor, seeking his destruction; though, like Daniel of old, they "could find no occasion against him except concerning the law of his God."

The doctor understood her meaning; and folding his hands, he bent his head, and repeated the words,—“ ‘Now, Lord, behold their threatenings, and grant unto thy servant that with all boldness he may *speak* thy words.’ ”

And then Maude knew that the doctor had counted the cost, and was ready to die sooner than deny the Lord who bought him—knew that, by the grace of God, he would be of the number of those who would be “faithful unto death.”

When the Lady Louise was once more able to enter the keeping-room and rejoin the family circle, she found a surprise awaiting her. A box

had been left by Doctor Cramer addressed to her, to be opened the first time she entered that room. The laird himself opened it for her ; and there lay a beautifully-finished picture of little Marie held in the arms of the Good Shepherd, with the words that have so many times before and since brought comfort to mourning parents written underneath : "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not." The mother's eyes filled with tears. Well she remembered the sketch she had seen years before, taken when Marie was but a babe. This one was her as she was when she died ; and now the look of love on the Shepherd's face met a loving response from that of the child. Even the Laird of Dunmore's eyes, unused as they were to tears, filled as he gazed ; and warm exclamations of admiration burst from Maude and Davie ; whilst old Elspet, with the baby-boy in her arms, gazed at it almost frightened. The mother pressed it to her heart, and said,—

"Yes, Davie, I can trust her in those loving arms. Her Saviour is now mine also."

At these words, may we not believe that a song of rejoicing was heard in the heavenly courts, and that a child's hand struck the loudest chord of praise in the choral strain !



CHAPTER XIII.

THE MEETING ON THE BEACH.

"My God, I thank thee, who hast made
The earth so bright;
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right."

HE winter sunshine was sparkling on the dancing waves of the blue sea, as they rolled their white foam on the pebble beach near the village of Crail—or Car-rail, as it was then called. The air was frosty and cold, but pleasant enough withal to one able to take brisk walking exercise. How pleasant, Maude Dunmore was thinking, it must be out-of-doors that fresh February morning, as she sat at work in her grandmother's house, which overlooked the beach, and watched the fishers' boats as they tossed—now up, now down—on the white-crested billows. There was a young heart beating in Maude's bosom, young blood coursing

through her veins, and but for the weight of eighteen summers resting on her head, she would have run out and danced with all her heart as blithely as the merry-looking waves, that seemed to think it fine sport to keep breaking and breaking amongst the strange-looking boulder-stones on the beach. But instead of so doing, Maude had to sit with her grandmother in the keeping-room bolt upright (young ladies did not loll or lie on couches in those olden days), busy at work. She dearly loved the old lady; but Maude was in a fidgety humour that day,—something in the fine bracing air had inspired her; and, truth to tell, she was wishing she were at Dunmore Castle, and could go riding with her father. But these thoughts were kept to herself, and the Dowager-Lady Dunmore remained in happy unconsciousness of her fair grand-daughter's rebellious thoughts. There had been a long silence, broken only by the plash, plash of the waves, when the old lady spoke at last.

“Maude, my child, William Miretown has come home. He arrived last night. The king has kept him long. Had you heard the news?”

“Yes, grandmamma; old Peggie told me he was expected.” And she bent her head over her work as she spoke.

"He'll be here to-day, most likely," continued the dowager. "It is long since you met, Maude. You know it is, or at least *was*, settled he was to be your husband."

"I know, grandmother," she answered quietly. "My father has told me that ever since I can remember."

The old lady paused, put down her work, and folding her hands for a moment, said solemnly,—

"I said *was* settled. For if what I have heard were true (which I hope it is not), my son would never give his daughter to William Miretown. They do say strange things nowadays, and busy tongues have been heard to say that the young laird of Miretown worships neither the saints nor the Holy Virgin"—and the lady crossed herself as she spoke; "and more than that"—and she lowered her voice almost to a whisper—"they say that foreign doctor (ah, me! I always misdoubted him) has got him, poor deluded lad, to read the Holy Book, which is fit for none save the priests. It surely cannot be, think ye, Maude!"

The girl's cheeks were crimson now. "What cannot be, grandmother?" she said. "If William Miretown worships and loves the Lord Jesus, he can dispense with the saints; and as to reading the Holy Scriptures, I wonder why they were

written at all, if they were not meant to be read!"

"Maude Dunmore, where have you learned such opinions as these?" said her grandmother with dignity. "Certainly it behoves not a young maiden to speak as if she knew better what was right than her elders—ay, or even the Holy Mother Church."

In a moment Maude was at her grandmother's side. "Forgive me," she said. "I meant not to intrude my opinions; but oh, grandmother, if William Miretown, or any other, love the Lord Jesus, it matters little what else they do. And as to where and when I learned to think so, I believe my first lessons on the subject were learned at my dead mother's knee. She loved our Lord, and child though I was, taught me to pray to him alone—Sir Thomas Godwin knows so; and you know how dear and good and holy my mother was, and I can think it no sin to believe as she did. So forgive me, grandmother; and let me put away my work and go out for a stroll."

Very seldom did Lady Dunmore retain anger towards her grandchild for many minutes; so she only stroked the brown sunny locks, and printing a kiss on her forehead, bid her tell Peggie to make ready to accompany her for a walk, if she so desired.

But Maude was in no humour for Peggie as a companion, she was longing to be alone with her own thoughts in the "blithe and open air;" and having succeeded in gaining her own point, she was quickly equipped, and, with a favourite dog as her only companion, was soon outside the walls of the gloomy mansion. Oh, it was good, Maude felt, to be out-of-doors that day. All nature seemed so glad. Surely it was in glee that the waves were leaping, closely following one another, as if in eager haste to be first to reach the beach, where they broke in noisy mirth, and swept their waters round into out-of-way crannies among the brown seaweed-covered rocks, forming clear little pools, where the strange flower-like creatures (whose name and nature were unknown in the days of which we write) loved to dwell. It was more in sport than business that the curious little fishing-boats tossed up and down on the waves that day, seeming to enjoy the fun. The merry laugh of the barefooted village children, as they rushed from school down to the beach to gather the glossy sea-weed and wealth of children's treasure that the waves were scattering on the sand; the loud whistle of the fisher-boys, as they pushed off in some tiny boat to their day's work,—all combined to give life to the scene.

The very sea-birds, as they skimmed the waves, seemed glad ; and Maude felt as if a hopeful spirit pervaded even inanimate nature, or, as a poet has since expressed it,—

“Winter, slumbering in the open air,
Wore on his smiling face a dream of Spring.”

It was very pleasant to the young girl to stroll about on that rocky beach, her heart full of holy thoughts. As she gazed on the expanse of sea before her, the thoughts of the Psalmist, as rendered by Wycliffe, rose to her lips—thoughts which were expressed in the following words:—
“Thou coverest it with the deep as with a garment: the waters stood above the mountains. At thy rebuke they fled; at the voice of thy thunder they hasten away. They go up by the mountains; they go down by the valleys into the place which thou hast founded for them. Thou hast set a bound that they might not pass over; that they turn not again to cover the earth.”

She had come opposite the regal palace, which stood on a cliff overlooking the firth. She had stooped to pick up a piece of pretty floating seaweed which the waves had thrown, as if in homage, at her feet, when, on raising her eyes, she saw the figure of a young man close beside her, en-

gaged in earnest conversation with a lad, whose words she could not prevent herself from hearing. He spoke respectfully, as if addressing a superior.

"My lord," he said, "if, as 'tis said, you have any influence with the foreign doctor in St. Andrews, let him take heed, for his enemies are on the watch to entrap him. It has reached the ears of the bishop that he never attends Mass, and that he has meetings with the students in his own house to"—and the lad lowered his voice as he spoke—"read the Holy Book ; and they wait but for proof to arrest and imprison him, and then the good God in heaven only knows what may befall him. Mind you, sir, what they did to the holy man, James Resby, of whom my mother has so often told me ? Oh, bid him beware, for there's many and many a one would grieve sorely if ill came to him who has tended so many on their sick-beds, and comforted them with words out of the Holy Evangel, such as no priest or friar on earth ever spoke !"

There the conversation came to an abrupt stop, for Maude had raised her head, and found herself face to face with William Miretown. We write no love tale, so we will not undertake to depict the meeting between the betrothed couple, nor relate the words they spoke—not very different ones,

we dare say, from those spoken in like circumstances in more modern times. But one thing concerns us to know, that ere Maude Dunmore re-entered her grandmother's stately mansion, she and William Miretown knew they shared one faith, had one hope, and loved and served one Master. Slowly they retraced their steps homewards, parting at the entrance to the dowager's house; for the young man was not attired as he would have wished to have been, when he should present himself to the old lady as a suitor for the hand of her grand-daughter, the fair Mistress Maude.

So now they parted—Maude to relate to her grandmother the unexpected meeting on the beach; he to walk back to Miretown and give orders to have his fleetest charger saddled in haste, that he might ride to St. Andrews and give his loved friend and counsellor, Paul Cramer, a warning that danger was impending.

How was it that, as he rode, the words, "Be thou faithful *unto death*, and I will give thee a crown of life," rose so often to his lips? Surely death was yet afar off from him to whom so many looked for help and guidance; who for love to poor benighted souls had left home and country, that by the beds of the sick and sorrowing he

might do as his Master had done—unite the healing of the body with the preaching of the gospel. Good cause had William Miretown to give thanks that the Lord had put it into his servant's heart to make such a sacrifice, for through his words the darkness which filled his soul had been dissipated, and the light of the glorious gospel of Christ Jesus had shone on his heart. Old things had passed away, and all things had become new.





CHAPTER XIV.

THE DOMINICAN MONASTERY.

“For man the Saviour shed
His all-atoning blood ;
And oh, shall ransomed man refuse
To suffer for his God ?

“Ashamed who now can be
To own the Crucified ?
Nay, rather be our glory this—
To die for him who died.”

HE day was far advanced ere young Miretown reached the cathedral city. The sun's rays no longer tempered the frosty air, and a purple glow of light was falling round the brown trunks of the leafless trees. He rode to Doctor Crawler's house, reining up his fiery steed a moment to speak to little Lysken Van Weld, as she was tripping homeward, closely wrapped up in a warm cloak. Lysken and he had become fast friends, and he was longing to make Maude and her acquainted.

“Are you going to Doctor Crawler's ?” she

said ; “ Ursula and I have just been there with a message from aunt, asking him to see a poor sick boy who lives near the Castle, and we found he was out. And oh, Master Miretown, I want to tell you something; only,” said the child, “ I must tell it you quite low, and I am so afraid of your charger.”

The young laird laughed. “ Afraid of my charger, Lysken—fie for a little coward ! I must get you to ride pillion on him some day. But now I must hear this wonderful secret.—Wanless,” he said, addressing his attendant, “ take Sans-peur ;” and vaulting from the saddle, he threw the reins to him and stood by the child. She led him quite out of hearing even of old Ursula, then said with the eagerness of a child,—

“ Oh, do you know where the doctor has gone ? —to the monastery of the Dominicans ! ”

“ Wherefore has he gone thither ? ”

“ They say,” said the child, “ one of the friars took a fit on the street, and Doctor Cramer was passing, and he went to help him, and he remained a long while ; and you know, Master Miretown, those friars hate him, and—and—who knows what harm may befall him there ? ”

For a moment the young man stood irresolute, whilst the child scanned his face earnestly. At last he spoke.

"It looks bad, Lysken," he said; "it may have been a plot laid for him. Still, we know not; and remember all the friars are not like Black Tom. There are amongst them men of gentle hearts; and, for aught we know, there may be some with longings after holy things. What if the doctor is made the instrument of leading some of these deluded souls to Jesus? But you must not tarry longer. I'll go to the monastery and inquire for the doctor; I, too, have a word of warning for him. But, little Lysken, we must not forget there is One whose servant he is, who cares for him more than either you or I do, who counteth even the hairs of his head,—we must trust him in his hands, must we not?"

The child gravely bent her head, and bidding her friend farewell, went back to join Ursula and proceed homewards. She had scarce disappeared from sight, when Doctor Cramer approached, and was warmly greeted by young Miretown, who had not seen him for many months. The doctor looked grave yet calm, and, as usual, self-possessed. His friend drew him aside.

"Cramer," he whispered, "beware! you have enemies here. What did you in yonder monastery? Your greatest foe lives there."

"What did I, Miretown? A fellow-creature

was in pain and suffering, which, by God's blessing, I thought I could do somewhat to alleviate; and could I refuse to try because the sufferer lived in yonder monastery, where, as I well know, resides one who seeks my life? Would my Lord and Master have refused to go? *He* set his face steadfastly towards Jerusalem, knowing *all* that awaited him there. He turned not away from the death of the cross for our sakes, and shall we shrink from bearing our cross after him? Nay, my friend. Thanks for your warning. I do not unnecessarily court danger; but I dare not conceal the truth, nor, for fear of evil to myself, neglect an opportunity of bearing witness for my Master. The friar is dead; but the name of Jesus from my lips was the last he heard, and turning his eyes away from the crucifix held before him, he fixed them full of gratitude on me, and said distinctly, 'Jesus only.' We had met before. I was quoting the Holy Evangel to a dying man, pointing him to Jesus, when this friar entered. He listened quietly,—I even then fancied, gladly. I believe 'the word was with power.' I rejoice to think my presence cheered his death-bed, and—start not, my friend—by that bedside I spoke for Jesus to those assembled there. I pointed them from the cross to him who died thereon. Some

listened eagerly. Black Tom alone gnashed his teeth, and murmured threatening words. I may have been rash ; but I dare not be silent. The word of God has gone forth, and shall not return to him void ; for aught else, my life is in his hands ; and if he deems me worthy to suffer a martyr's death, by his grace I am ready to be offered."

As young Miretown gazed on the face of the doctor, radiant with heavenly peace and joy, words failed him. How dare he strive to make one taught of God, filled with the love of Jesus, draw back or turn cold in his cause ! Then they slowly sauntered towards the Castle, for Miretown had told the doctor a message had been left by little Lysken to ask him to call there. They spoke of many things,—of Maude and her simple faith ; of David, still delicate, but growing in grace daily ; of the change in Lady Louise ; of the secret meetings ; of the quiet yet sure way in which the light was beginning to dawn both in Scotland and England ; and of the increased persecution the Church in Bohemia was suffering, of which Doctor Cramer had heard in the letters brought by the young Fleming from his father and sister Liese. As they reached the Castle gate, Bishop Wardlaw rode past them, having returned from a visit of in-

spection to the Gair Bridge, which was then being built—chiefly on his recommendation. He saluted young Miretown, and made inquiries regarding the king, whom he knew the young man had seen lately; but when Doctor Crawler raised his cap, the bishop returned the greeting haughtily and rode on. Young Miretown's proud spirit chafed at the marked discourtesy shown to his friend, all the more that the bishop's manners were gentle and courtly beyond many in those days. But the doctor, though at first the blood had risen to his forehead, was calm, and tried to quiet down his fiery companion, saying, "What of it, young master? Has it not been said by our Lord himself, 'These things will they do to you, because they have not known the Father nor me'? A look or a frown, even from a bishop, need not kill a man," he said more lightly; yet, from that hour, both the medical missionary and his friend knew that he was a suspected man, and that sooner or later the meshes prepared for him would be cast over him, and drag him to his doom. But the knowledge only made him work the more earnestly to sow the seed of the true Evangel whilst it was called to-day, rejoicing, like the disciples of old, at being counted worthy to suffer for the name of Christ.



CHAPTER XV.

THE ARREST.

"I know that deadly evils compass me,
Dark perils threaten ; yet I would not fear,
Nor poorly shrink, nor feebly turn to flee,
For thou, my Christ, art buckler, sword, and spear."



T is a summer evening in the year 1432, and a happy family party are assembled in Miretown Castle. There have been changes there since the time we wrote of in the last chapter—when Maude Dunmore and William Miretown met, after years of separation, on the rocky beach of Crail. The old laird is dead, and young Miretown, as he was so long termed, is laird now ; and the fair young matron, with the baby girl in her arms, is Maude Dunmore, though she no longer bears that name, but has been for two years and more the Lady of Miretown. She stands now with her husband at an open casement, looking out with admiration at the peaceful scene before them. The bright crimson tints in the sky are reflected on

the deep blue waters of the Firth of Forth as they lay that evening still and quiet. In Maude's heart very grateful feelings were stirring as she gazed. There was peace in inanimate nature, and peace—Christ's parting legacy to his own—in her breast; and she was thinking, truly to her the "lines had fallen in very pleasant places." And through her husband's mind thoughts somewhat akin were passing also. What was he, to be favoured above so many?—glad in the possession of worldly comforts, and exceeding glad in the knowledge of a Saviour who loved him, died for him, lived to intercede for him. But not long that night did husband and wife find time for musing. The keeping-room in which they stood was full of guests. The Laird of Dunmore had been summoned to attend the king for some weeks, and during his absence Lady Louise and her two little boys, along with Master Davie, had come to visit Maude at Miretown. They were a happy party; and many an evening (though still in partial secrecy) the old Wycliffe copy of the Scriptures was produced, and its sacred truths read and meditated on. There was no priest or chaplain kept in that house. William Miretown acted, as Abraham of old, as priest to his own household.

Davie Dunmore's health was still delicate. All

hopes of his becoming a soldier were now dying away, even from the mind of his father; but he took much to books, and had resided in St. Andrews during the winter months for the last three years, in order to study at the university, and also to enjoy the society of his much-loved friend and physician, Doctor Crower, who was silently going on in his daily labour of love, ministering to the bodies and souls of his suffering fellow-mortals. Dying eyes not a few were raised in loving gratitude to his, as he whispered of Him who hath taken the sting from death and the victory from the grave; and dying lips uttered the name of Jesus, of whose love they knew not till on a bed of sickness the medical missionary had told them the "old, old"—yet ever new—"story of redeeming love."

"Davie, brother Davie! a story, a story," said little chubby-cheeked Eugene, as he stopped his play and ran to his favourite "big man brother," as he called him.

"Well, what shall it be about this time, *mon frère*?" said Davie, lifting the boy on his knee and stroking the dark, glossy curls, so like those of the little sister who had now been nearly four years with Jesus in glory.

"Tell me about the King James," said the child.

“You always say, when you were little you liked to hear about him, his crimson cloak and plumed hat and sword; and oh, tell how he learned to shoot with the bow and arrow when he was in England. And the queen, Davie, is she as pretty as sister Maude?” And the boy pointed to his sister.

His words were overheard, and a hearty burst of laughter followed. Just then a noise was heard in the courtyard, and a horseman rode in.

“Ha! a guest!” said the laird. “We must haste to bid him welcome; but who is he? Methinks it is the Flemish merchant, Van Weld. What brings him, I wonder! ’Tis rarely he favours us.”

Ere he reached the door the merchant entered. He greeted the ladies hastily, then turned to the laird. His face was sadly troubled as he spoke.

“I bring evil tidings, Miretown. Doctor Cramer was arrested this morning at the bidding of the bishop, and is imprisoned in the Castle on the charge of heresy and want of respect to the Mother Church.”

In an instant Davie Dunmore was on his feet.

“Is it possible?” he said; “the noblest and best of men! Can nothing be done to rescue him from the hands of—”

A hard, unchristian word was rising to the young man's lips ; but he forced it back, and substituted "cruel bishop."

"Let us go," he said, with his old impetuosity. "Why waste time here talking?"

But the merchant laid his hand on the excited youth's arm, saying, "Something must be done, and at once ; but let us bring sober reason to bear on the subject."

"I'll see the bishop at once," said Davie, "and reason with him. My father knows him well, and in his absence he may listen to me."

The merchant smiled. "When 'tis a question of heresy, young master, 'tis little Henry Wardlaw will heed even his dearest friend."

For a few minutes William Miretown had stood paralyzed with dismay at the tidings ; but he soon regained his composure, and came forward, saying, "The only thing I can think of, is an immediate application to King James. If the bishop will be moved by any one, 'twill be the king ; and if your father will make the application to him, good may come of it. But there is no time to be lost.—Maude, my brave Maude ! I must leave you this very hour, and set off for Stirling without delay. Davie will stay to comfort and cheer you in my absence."

"Nay, William," said the young master ; "this

very night I return with Van Weld to St. Andrews, and shall contrive by some means to gain admittance to Doctor Crower. Don't gainsay me. I *must* go. Sir Thomas Godwin is to return to-night, and will take charge of the ladies during our absence."

All saw that any attempt to turn Davie from his purpose would be useless ; and so, ere a couple of hours had passed, the happy family party was broken up, and the Laird of Miretown and the young Master of Dunmore had each gone on their different embassies, to aid, if possible, the loved physician and brother in Christ. Ere they departed, the whole party united in reading the account of Peter in prison released in answer to prayer ; and bending their knees, besought God on behalf of the prisoner in the Castle dungeon.

And so, ere that lovely summer evening had closed, the two brothers-in-law rode off, and the ladies remained behind to do what so often falls to the lot of women—suffer suspense and anxiety in *silence*, unable to help save by the all-powerful aid of prayer. Would Paul Crower be released, and, like Peter of old, come and declare how the Lord had delivered him out of prison ?



CHAPTER XVI.

VICTORY.

" The strife is done, the crown is won,
And the martyr rests at last—
Up—up—up !
Far beyond the clear blue sky,
Beyond the stars and beyond the sun,
To his Father's house on high ! "



It was a bright day in early autumn. Summer beauty still lingered, only the palest tinge of gold and red told that autumn had begun. The sun shone in an unclouded sky ; the air was fresh and inspiriting. It was a day when all nature looked very fair, when existence seemed in itself a pleasure. The world seemed flushed with life. One felt sure, if language had been given to trees, and fields, and ocean that day, they would all have joined in a hymn of rejoicing praise. On some such day must the Psalmist have written these words : "Thou crownest the year with thy goodness ; and thy paths drop fatness. The little hills

rejoice on every side. The pastures are clothed with flocks ; the valleys also are covered over with corn ; they shout for joy, they also sing."

It was on such a day, so pregnant with life, so full of all that makes life desirable, that Paul Cramer was led forth from the gloomy Castle dungeon to die. All entreaties had proved in vain ; and the Bohemian doctor was proved guilty of the heresy of declaring that the cup at the Lord's Supper was free to be partaken of by all believers ; of exposing the doctrines of pilgrimages and purgatory ; and of saying that the worship of saints and the Virgin was contrary to the law of God, and that Jesus Christ was the only Mediator between God and man : likewise it was proved that he had endeavoured to disseminate these heretical opinions amongst the students of the university and many others. Nay, he himself did not deny the fact, and even openly declared he had come from the distant country of Bohemia with the view of so doing. For such a heretic there could be but one doom—to be burned at the stake as a traitor to the Holy Mother Church and a heretic.

And the physician heard the sentence unmoved. Boldly he had confessed Christ before men ; calmly he listened to the sentence of death : it was no new

thought to him. Years before, he had counted the cost of leaving all to follow Christ. Death to him was but the beginning of endless life—but the seeing Him face to face who was the beloved of his soul—the One whom he could say, with another child of God's in later days, "he knew more intimately than he did any friend on earth." Like Stephen of old he looked up, and by faith saw Jesus standing ready to receive his spirit.

By special favour, Davie Dunmore had been allowed an interview with the condemned man, but only on condition that his father was present. No words on religious matters were permitted to be exchanged; but Davie saw all he wished—Christ's power resting on his faithful servant: not only peace but joy shone on his face. There was One with him whom the world knew not. The Elder Brother, true to his promise, was with him even in the dark prison. "I will be present at the last," Davie whispered, as he bade his beloved friend farewell, "and ere long we will be together in glory."

William Miretown strove in vain to obtain the same privilege as Davie—no other was admitted; so in solitude passed the last days of Paul Cramer. Alone, yet not alone; no iron bars can shut out the Triune God. As truly as the Lord of old

appeared unto Paul in prison, bidding him be of good cheer, so truly was he revealed to the medical missionary. Was not his own word given to him when he said, "Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer: thou shalt have tribulation ten days: be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life"? Thoughts of his old home, of his father and his loving sister Liese, often filled the captive's heart as he sat in his sea-bound prison; but they were not all thoughts of sorrow. He knew they would mourn his loss, weep over his cruel sufferings; but he also knew they would rejoice that one so dear to them had been counted worthy to die a martyr's death and receive a crown of glory. And he could look forward by faith to meeting them once more when their work on earth was also over—in glory everlasting. Ah! yes,—

"They who love the Saviour, never
Know a long, a last farewell."

On the bright autumn morning we have written of, Paul Cramer was, as we have said, led forth to die. The earth all around did look very beautiful; but he was going to one far more so. Soon his feet would tread the golden streets within the pearly gates, and he would be with Jesus himself

for ever. A vast multitude had assembled—many out of curiosity ; but many also—far more than was suspected—to uphold the beloved physician by their presence. William Miretown and Davie Dunmore, Andrew Kyd and the Flemish merchant, pressed forward close to the stake, eagerly catching every word which fell from the lips of their loved counsellor and friend. Boldly, as he walked along, and even as they fastened him to the stake, he preached Christ, urging all to look away from saints and images to Jesus only. He besought any who knew the truth not to hide it under a bushel, and told of the peace and joy that filled his breast even in the prospect of death by fire. His words were with power. The multitude were strongly moved, when the bishop, getting alarmed, ordered a large brass ball to be forced into his mouth, to hinder him from speaking. Ah! he feared too truly the power of the Word of God. Davie Dunmore protested loudly against the wanton cruelty of gagging the condemned man, but his father told him remonstrance was in vain.

But though the language of the lips was denied him, the whole demeanour and countenance of the physician spoke. Like Stephen of old, all who looked steadfastly at him saw his face as it had

been the face of an angel ; and he, being full of the Holy Ghost, looking up steadfastly into heaven, saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God. At that moment, did the words said to Liese long before recur to him ?—“There can be *nothing* too hard to bear, if Jesus is with us ; can there ?” It may be they did ; and if so, his answer would have been,—“Nothing. We are more than conquerors over all things (even death by fire) through the Lord Jesus.”

Then came the crowning act ; and in the flaming furnace the soul of the first martyr in St. Andrews passed to glory. The baptism of fire was over, and, “absent from the body, he was present with the Lord.” Faithful unto death, his would be the crown of life.

With sickening hearts many of the crowd turned away. He who had ministered to so many, watched by their sick-beds, and comforted the last hours of many of their loved ones, was no more : no wonder sorrow filled their hearts. As they dispersed a stir was heard—“Make way, make way ! give him air !” and on looking round, some recognized the apparently lifeless form of Davie Dunmore. He had forced himself to keep up as long as his presence could comfort his friend, but the dreadful strain had proved too much for his

feeble frame, and Davie Dunmore had fainted. They bore him through the crowd to the house of the Flemish merchant, but it soon became plain it was no ordinary faint. He might rally a few days ; but ere long Davie would meet his friend, where death cannot enter, and partings are unknown.





CHAPTER XVII.

THE MARTYR'S FRIENDS.

" A heavenly thing for them,
As well as for him they love,
To have one so dear in glory set
At the King's right hand above.
Yet their hearts had wearied sore
To see him face to face ;
It is sometimes hard to rejoice that he
Attained to the holier place."

TWO years have passed since the fearful scene we wrote of in the last chapter took place. And, in concluding, we will take a farewell glance at the homes of some of the persons we have written of. Far away, in the beloved land of the medical missionary, in the city of Prague, by the side of the rushing Moldau, walks an old man and a cripple girl. Very gray are the old man's locks, his head is bent and his step feeble ; but his eye is full of peace, and he glances upward with the look of one who knows and rejoices in the knowledge that, ere long, he

will reach his home above. And the gentle girl at his side bears the same calm, composed look,—as of one who, young as she is, has passed through some great sorrow, but come out purified as fine gold. We figure her as she really was,—as one who would be as a ministering angel to the poor and suffering; one whom we would like to tend us in our own moments of sorrow or sickness. We feel sure she has learned the lesson,—

“Wiser, truer than all the rest,—
That to help and to heal a sorrow,
Love and silence are always best.”

As the couple pass along, respectful salutations meet them on all sides, and old men uncover their heads as they pass, and pray God to help and comfort the martyr's friends. For ere then the sad tidings had reached his native city that Paul Cramer had won the martyr's crown. And Liese, what of her? Did she droop under the fearful blow? No; had she had none to care for, she might, for a fearful storm of grief broke over her soul; but she looked at her father and she *lived*—took up her cross and bore it faithfully. She was not called to endure the martyr's doom at the stake, but the daily living martyrdom of fighting down a great sorrow and living for others. With great truth has a pleasant poetess said,—

“Blessed are those who die for God,
And earn the martyr's crown of light ;
Yet he who *lives* for God may be
A greater *conqueror* in his sight.”

Sorrow did indeed fill the hearts of many when it became known that the medical missionary, sent forth by the band of believers in the city of Prague, had passed through the fiery furnace to his home ; yet there was joy also that the seed he had sown was already springing up and bearing fruit.

Our scene changes, and once more we revisit Dunmore Castle. The young laird has reached his Father's house above, and seen Him face to face, whom, having not seen, he had learned to love. The Lady Louise is there, bright as ever, but the blitheness is tempered now. Sorrow hath toned down and sanctified, yet not removed, the gay temperament. Davie's Saviour is her Saviour, and, despite an occasional remonstrance from the laird, she is trying to teach her little ones the truths contained in the Evangel. And Sir Thomas Godwin is there also : he says little on religious subjects ; but since the hour he witnessed the martyr's death, it has been observed that no crucifix stands in the chaplain's room. And the last words that Davie Dunmore heard were these precious ones,—“I am the resurrection, and the

life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live,"—whispered to him by his kind preceptor.

One other peep at Miretown Castle. In the keeping-room sits Mistress Maude, fair as ever: little Marie is playing at her feet, and a baby boy, her little Davie, is in her arms. Her husband is there also, strong, manly, and decided as of yore. And seated, work in hand, is a young girl who looks admiringly at Maude. It is Lysken Van Weld, who is paying them a visit.

Peace and contentment reign in that household, for the love of Jesus fills each heart. Just as we glance in, William Miretown has lifted the precious manuscript volume, and in the quaint English of those days is reading aloud the words: "Then he called his twelve disciples together, and gave them authority over all devils, and to cure diseases. And he sent them to preach the kingdom of God, and to heal the sick." Here he paused, then spoke of him whom they had all loved so much, who had so faithfully followed his Master's bidding in joining the healing of the body with the preaching of the gospel, and who had been faithful unto death.

And now, dear readers, farewell. This is no

purely imaginary tale. Paul Cramer really lived and suffered as we have written of, and was the first medical missionary in Scotland, and the first of St. Andrew's noble list of martyrs. How far the seed he sowed spread we know not, but we do know God's own words never return to him void. And many more than we know of may have received good from the words of faith and love whispered in their ears on sick-beds by one who, whilst endeavouring to ease the body, never failed to remember and seek the welfare of the never-dying soul. Truly it has been well said, that "medical missions are the most ancient and noblest of all, having for their founder the Lord Jesus himself, and numbering amongst their earliest members no less a person than Luke the evangelist and beloved physician." And should the reading of this tale have the effect of increasing the interest of any, old or young, in medical missions, the design of the writer in choosing the subject will be fulfilled.





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